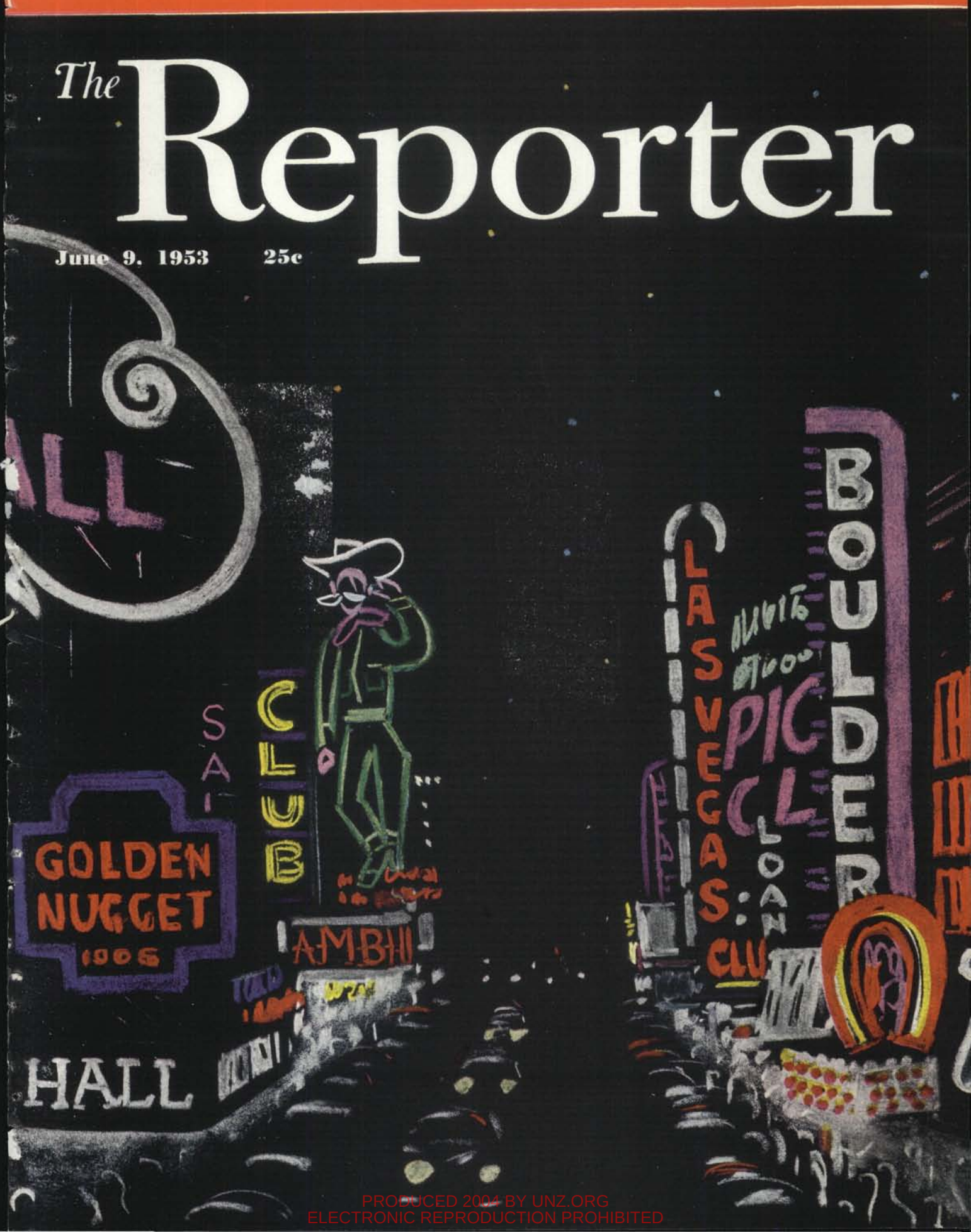
NEVADA—McCARRAN'S EMPIRE

The Reporter

June 9, 1953 25c



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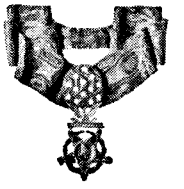
M/Sgt. Hubert L. Lee, USA Medal of Honor



FOUR TIMES Sergeant Lee's platoon had taken, then lost, the hill near Ip-o-ri. On the fifth try, the sergeant, though hurt, was leading. A Red grenade hit him, seriously wounding both legs. Refusing assistance, he advanced by crawling, rising to his knees to fire. He caught a rifle bullet in the back. Still he wouldn't be stopped. Finally, with 12 survivors of his platoon, he took the hill, then let the stretcher-bearers carry him away. Today Sergeant Hubert Lee says:

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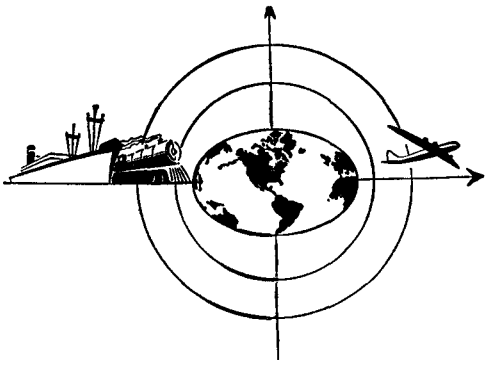

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Big 3 or 2 or 1

Quite a few sensible people have suggested that, before Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower ever think of meeting with Premier Malenkov, the Big Two leaders ought to get together. We find this suggestion as sound as it is obvious, for the differences of policy between our government and the British have become quite disturbing.

We should like to move one step further. Before the Big Two meet, our President should hold a meeting "at the highest level" with himself.

To reach the right decisions on how to handle first Sir Winston and eventually Malenkov, the President will need to be briefed by all the Dulleses and the Jacksons who surround him, by the new as well as the old Joint Chiefs, and, we assume, by Senator Taft.

But ultimately the President can take counsel from himself alone. It is up to him to decide what he wants and how broad his power is to be.

Unquestionably, the President wants peace. This great soldier passionately loathes war. But is he ready to take the steps that a peace without appeasement may demand? It may demand, for instance, the recognition of Red China, when—if the moment ever comes—we are no longer at war with that country. Yet at a recent press conference the President contributed to our already extraordinarily muddled national concept of recognition by saying that recognition means tacit approval.

More important still, the President must decide whether, before entering into any negotiations "at the highest level," to count on the Republican majority that he has already lost or on a bipartisan national coalition that is his for the asking. We do not see how the President can avoid choosing. Neither can we see how he can have much hesitation on what choice to make.

Otherwise, if the President wants to avoid deciding on his program and on his power, we don't think there is much use in a Big Two meeting. Sir Winston is much the President's senior, both in age and in political craftiness. He could give his wartime friend some good advice on how to handle political opponents inside his own party. But the President of the United States must be his own teacher. Until the "Big One" meeting has succeeded, Sir Winston must wait.

Justice by Gadget

The most extraordinary episode in the Wechsler-McCarthy affair, we think, took place on a recent "Meet the Press" radio and television program when the editor of the New York *Post* was questioned by some fellow journalists. At the McCarthy hearing the questioning was done by McCarthy himself, and no one—least of all James Wechsler—was surprised when McCarthy took advantage of an opportunity, no matter how outlandish, to harass and hurt an opponent.

But that "Meet the Press" program was something else again—an amateur McCarthy show, with some of the newspapermen present zestfully playing the role of the Maestro. Indeed, one of them went further than the Maestro went in handling Wechsler. This was Mr. Bert Andrews, head of the Washington bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who asked Wechsler whether, to disprove the allegation that he is still a Communist at heart, he would subject himself to a lie-detector test.

We must confess that when we heard Mr. Andrews ask this question we gasped and thought that there was something wrong with either our hearing or our set. We inquired of other people who had been listening. But there was no doubt: We were in no need of either ear doctor or television repairman.

Then we started reflecting on the vogue of the lie detector in fact finding and truth checking. Whenever anything we say is called a lie by somebody, we may be invited to take a lie-detector test. Our devotion to our country, to our family, or to plain decency may have to be checked by a mechanical gadget.

A presumption of guilt is thus laid on the accused—a principle that lately has been creeping into our courts of law. But even this blatant violation of Anglo-Saxon tradition is justice itself if the accused can rely on ancient principles of judicial procedure. Now the reliance is put on the lie detector.

When the junior Senator from Wisconsin, in the Senate debate on the confirmation of Mr. Bohlen, proposed that Mr. Bohlen subject himself to a lie-detector test, Senator Taft's face, according to the New York *Times,* became "red with anger." "I want to know," cried Mr. Taft, "whether the Senator from Wisconsin is aware that J. Edgar Hoover [Director of the FBI] is absolutely opposed to the lie detector, regards it as of no possible use whatsoever, and that he in fact is 'leader of the opposition' to its use?"

Should Senator McCarthy and his acolytes have their way, the time may come when, just as we check

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our weight by stepping on a scale, we may get accustomed to having our veracity tested by the lie detector. What J. Edgar Hoover thinks of the gadget is of no importance. In fact, we wonder when somebody will propose that Mr. Hoover himself be tested to prove whether he is entirely honest in opposing the checking of truth by mechanical means.

IN CASE our readers have forgotten, we want to remind them that Bert Andrews in 1927 wrote a Pulitzer Prize-winning series of articles that were later published in a book called *Washington Witch Hunt*. "The war to protect civil liberties—your civil liberties—is never ending," Mr. Andrews began. His was a story, he continued, "of how a witch hunt, once it begins, can strike at anyone no matter how innocent he may be," and "of what can be accomplished against a witch hunt when the triple-throated voice of the people, and the press, and the radio join in shouting 'this is wrong'!"

The Madding Crowd

The Eisenhower Administration has now learned one of the great facts about life in the bureaucracy: When something is to be done that is at once glamorous and important, right away too many people get into the act.

A couple of months ago it was generally assumed that the President's Committee on International Information Activities, headed by William H. Jackson and with C. D. Jackson as a member, had a clear-cut assignment to review, reshape, and reorganize the government's "psychological-warfare" operations. But the committee found itself in a crowded field. It found Nelson Rockefeller's group, which had been serving as a sort of emergency Hoover Commission, putting together a reorganization plan for a new international information agency. The same idea had been sponsored by the U.S. Advisory Commission on Information, a watchdog group set up by Congress some years ago to keep a running check on the overseas information program and to report to Congress.

In the meantime, a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee headed by Senator Hickenlooper was busy preparing a report based on some nine months of sober and careful investigation in the same field. Mr. Stassen's teams of business executives who went abroad to evaluate the Mutual Security Program were coming up with ideas of their own about U.S. information services in foreign countries. And Dr. Robert L. Johnson, the President's choice to head the International Information Administration, brought in his own outside team, including former Under Secretary of the Army Tracy Voorhees, to take a fresh look at the organization. This group soon set off on a European survey. All this, of course, was quite apart from the McCarthy Committee's far-flung campaign against the Voice of America, and again apart from the probings of the Appropriations Committees under Senator Bridges and Congressman John Taber.

WITH SO many cooks stirring, there were bound to be disagreements about what recipe to use for the broth. The Jackson Committee was reaching the conclusion that the information services had to be under the State Department. At the same time the Rockefeller group decided that what the program needed was breathing room—outside the State Department. So they sent the President a recommendation to that effect, and the Budget Bureau promptly whipped up a draft Executive Order directing this. The new information agency, responsible to the National Security Council, would take "full policy guidance" from the State Department. What "full policy guidance" meant the draft order didn't say.

THE Jackson Committee felt that Rockefeller and the Budget Bureau were clearly offside, but was faced with the fact that John Foster Dulles didn't want the information services in the State Department anyway.

To compound the confusion, Senator Hickenlooper's committee took the unusual step of addressing a resolution to the President requesting that the student-and-teacher-exchange program be left in the State Department. Senator Mundt, acting for himself and six others, introduced a resolution to put the Senate on record against letting the program be taken over by any new agency. The Senators seemed to be worried chiefly about contaminating tried-and-true programs, such as the exchange of persons, with the more glittery psychological-warfare operations that some of them had called for so loudly. But putting them in different agencies back in Washington isn't going to solve the central problem of pulling together in each country all the information work of the U.S. government.

Behind this bureaucratic hassle, and obscured by it, is a much more important issue: No matter who runs it, what *kind* of information program is right and proper for a democracy engaged in a propaganda competition with a totalitarian power? Should it be a program of facts that speak for themselves, or a program of "psychological warfare" involving darker and more deceptive strategy?

The struggle over who should project the image of America abroad has gone on long enough. Now the time has come when somebody must decide what this image is to be.

HEAT WAVE

The sun is hot, the asphalt oozes.
The girls are in their cotton skirts,
The bears are soaking in their pools,
The men are soaking in their shirts—
So does the nation counter heat,
But lacking still is a device
To cool the soaring temperature
When Britain dares to give advice.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIRST HUNDRED DAYS

To the Editor: Your symposium, "Eisenhower's First Hundred Days" (*The Reporter*, May 12), is good as far as it goes. But I am afraid that the writers, in an effort to be fair, leaned over far too backwards to favor the Administration. To my mind, beyond President Eisenhower's great speech of April 16 and his declaring for some public housing and changes in the McCarran Act—neither of which measures he will fight for vigorously—I would call them "Eisenhower's First Hundred Daze." Nothing much of anything has been accomplished by the President, his Cabinet, or Congress—except open the way for the most gigantic looting of public resources and the greatest fleecing of the average citizen by Big Business ever witnessed in U.S. history.

As far as McCarthy is concerned, Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President, has made it clear that Ike will do absolutely nothing to stop him.

And there's not a cyclone cellar in sight.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

To the Editor: The present Administration in Washington is composed of many men of proved integrity and business competency, qualifications which would seem admirably suited to running the biggest business of all, the United States government. It is to be expected these men will couple a sound administration of government with encouragement to business, large and small. How much of a handicap to them in getting things done a lack of political experience will prove, and how discouraging to constructive effort will be the drag of necessary political maneuvering, only time will tell. In the meanwhile, the new Administration is deserving of patience and co-operation from everyone, businessmen in particular. If on the contrary the latter, with a long-sought business type of Administration in office, place their own selfish interests ahead of the country's, they can look forward to little help from this or future Administrations and will deserve less.

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GEORGE V. HOLTON
Chairman of the Board
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To the Editor: I think Mr. Harsch has put his finger on two truths—

(1) That ". . . Mr. Eisenhower is consciously and actually going in an Eisenhower direction and that all of us, whether we know it or not, are following him."

(2) That "America has been conditioned to think of leadership in terms of massive legislative programs trucked to Capitol Hill from the White House. It has yet to appreciate the extent which leadership in public life might take the form of merely operating with existing laws."

And—if I may be so bold—therein lies a possible suggestion for Max Ascoli, who concluded his editorial with the observation that "One thing is certain. Whenever he [Eisenhower] shows his mettle as the leader of the free world, he is bound to strike at the unity of his party. The President must choose."

It is just possible that Mr. Ascoli and a great many other commentators have "yet to appreciate the extent to which leadership in public life" might take the form of ignoring points of difference and disunity and concentrating upon goals where substantial unity is achieved.

FRANCIS CASE
The United States Senate
Washington

To the Editor: It seems to me that Joseph Harsch in his article on "Eisenhower's First Hundred Days" struggles manfully in three pages of type, but on the whole unsuccessfully, to refute his neat one-paragraph opening summation that ". . . the net result almost seems to be a man whanging golf balls at the White House back fence while history flows around him." There is a good deal about fumbles, but I failed to find anything about the burglary of the national cupboard that is going on while the golf balls click merrily off the Presidential 7-iron.

HERBERT E. GASTON
Santa Monica, California

(Mr. Gaston, former Chairman and President of the Export-Import Bank, is referred to the article on the state of the national cupboard, "One Fourth of a Nation—Public Lands and Itching Fingers," by Wallace Stegner, also in the May 12 issue.)

'ANY RESEMBLANCE'

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's tasteless caricature, "Dance Lover," in the May 12 *Reporter* was gratuitously cruel as well as vastly inaccurate. Satire without at least minimal empathy with the object of satire —as a fellow human being if nothing else— is foolishly destructive. This clanging kind of purely negative criticism seems to be a general characteristic of Marya Mannes's writing. She must be very unhappy—with herself as well as the world.

NAT HENTOFF
Down Beat Magazine
Boston

To the Editor: This is to let you know that your new column "Any Resemblance," which is alternating with "Channels" by Marya Mannes, is a brilliant piece of writing. I hope Miss Mannes will be able to keep up the pace she has set herself. But I am sure she will, if the intelligence and perception she has shown in her TV reviews are any indication.

ZOE LANTELME BELTH
Great Neck, New York

PRESIDENT AND PRESS

To the Editor: I have read and reread Douglass Cater's "The President and the Press" (*The Reporter*, April 28), and I am deeply disturbed by its implications. In the latter part of this article, speaking of the "debit" side of Mr. Eisenhower's press relations, Mr. Cater suggests that the President has something to learn from ex-President Truman. He as much as says that only a brash, intemperate, one-sided approach to a problem will be reported by the papers; therefore President Eisenhower must desert some of the highest virtues in his character—fairmindedness, humility, and Christian tolerance—so that his thoughts will not get lost in the shuffle. Mr. Cater's point, namely that President Eisenhower's balanced, open-minded statements fail to get him headlines in *as many* papers as Mr. Truman's more impetuous statements, is well taken, but the cure is most emphatically not in lowering the quality and integrity of Mr. Eisenhower's remarks. Mr. Cater should have stated that it is the sensation-hungry press which must change.

Let me put this as emphatically as I can. I don't care if many so-called newspapers never print a word President Eisenhower says; I still hope that he forever remains above "hating certain people." I want him to continue to give well-considered, impersonal, and complete answers to the complex questions put to him by members of the press. And I am willing to go a long way from home to buy a newspaper which prints such answers so that its readers too can become well informed, tolerant, and level-headed.

I hate to think that Mr. Cater really wants to see President Eisenhower lower his standards to fit the appetite of any segment of the press. *The Reporter* has a place in my home just because it often prints carefully documented, balanced reports of significant events. Let's let President Eisenhower play on the same team!

D. G. BENJAMIN
Maywood, Ill.

(Mr. Cater replies: "Mr. Benjamin cannot feel more strongly than I about the situation. I reported this blackout of certain of President Eisenhower's statements as a matter of existing fact and as a debit side of his press relations about which there should be general concern. I know Mr. Benjamin would agree with me that the situation isn't wholly cured by going a long way from home to buy a newspaper.")

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI has just returned from a trip to Britain, France, and Italy. The editorial in this issue deals with the situation there as he sees it. The editorial in the next issue will contain his reflections on what the West's policy should be in Europe's weak spots.

THE FRINGE of Anglophobes in the U.S. Senate will not dampen the interest with which the American people will follow the Coronation ceremonies of June 2. Our country is not part of the Commonwealth, but this is one of the moments when the community of destiny that binds the English-speaking nations of the world makes itself felt.

William Clark, diplomatic correspondent for the London *Observer*, is known to our readers for his account of the return of the British Conservatives to power in the last elections (November 27, 1951) and for his article on the British Broadcasting Corporation (December 9, 1952). We asked him to look beyond the rigid formality of the Coronation and tell us about that most flexible and informal of political institutions, the Commonwealth of Nations.

Neutralism, which has grown in several European countries during the last year, hasn't gained ground in Britain. Is this an index of political health, or is the Labour Party's best orator losing his touch? **Geoffrey Cox**, who writes for the London *News Chronicle*, brings us up to date on how Aneurin Bevan and his Bevanism are faring.

THE RANGE and power of Senator Pat McCarran's authority has long been a fact of life in the nation's capital. McCarran's Judiciary Committee in the Eighty-second Congress reported out forty-seven per cent of all Senate bills and resolutions and filed fifty-eight per cent of all committee reports. The author of the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950 and the McCarran Immigration Act of 1952 is still at it in the Eighty-third Congress, where he is sponsoring, among others, the McCarran Single Flag Carrier Aviation Bill and a bill to grant immunity to committee witnesses.

"The Senator from Nevada" has come to sound like a title of nobility; and as with the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales, we tend to forget what the geographical part of the title means. Yet in Pat McCarran's case, one can explain his views and his political longevity only by recalling that he is a Nevadan. Hence our Special Section on McCarran's Nevada, which begins on page 15.

One of the biggest facts about Nevada is that gambling there is a legitimate industry and a huge one. **Wiliam S. Fairfield,** roving correspondent, has made a dispassionate and factual study of gambling in Las Vegas.

During the past year, two hardy and unorthodox souls, very different from each other, have tried to crack the McCarran monolith. Tom Mechling, with his shoestring campaign for U.S. Senator, won the Democratic primary and in November failed by a whisker to beat Senator George W. (Molly) Malone, a Republican backed by the wealth and weight of McCarran's Democratic machine. Hank Greenspun, free-swinging editor of the Las Vegas *Sun*, took his battle against McCarran and the gambling interests into the courts and, wonder of wonders, managed to get the Old Man himself into a witness chair under oath.

Tom Mechling tells his own personal story of the campaign. An honor graduate of the Missouri School of Journalism, he spent three years with the Office of Strategic Services during the war. He was working as a reporter with the Kiplinger Newsletter in Washington when he decided, at the age of thirty-one, to enter the 1952 Senatorial campaign in Nevada. The Greenspun story is the result of research and collaboration by two members of *The Reporter's* staff, **Richard Donovan** and **Douglass Cater.**

IN READING **Arthur Knight's** description of the new processes which promise new sensations to the moviegoer, we wonder how in the world the Greeks, the Chinese, and Shakespeare managed to produce great plays when all they had to show them on was a stage. What would they have done with 3-D? Arthur Knight, formerly Assistant Curator at the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, is film critic for the *Saturday Review* and a member of the staff of the Institute of Film Techniques at the College of the City of New York.

WHEN S. L. A. Marshall's book on the November, 1950, ordeal of the 2nd Infantry Division in Korea was published, we asked another general to review it. **Major General H. W. Blakeley** is no armchair critic. He fought the North European campaign of 1944-1945 with the 4th Infantry Division.

Walter Goerlitz's history of the German General Staff provides **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** with the opportunity to point out the basic flaw in the German attitude that a General Staff exists only as the servant of the state and can never be blamed for anything the state may do. Mr. Knapp is a former Regular Army officer who now practices law in New York.

Our cover was painted for us by **John Ployardt,** a versatile character who combines an interest in the history and culture of North American Indians—a subject in which he specialized at McGill University—with work as an artist and technician for TV and motion pictures.

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MAX ASCOLI

Three Countries—I

As LONG as you are still in England, you have not yet quite abandoned the United States. The greatest difficulties of the British Government come from the factional conflicts within the Eisenhower Administration. If Washington could make up its mind on trade and on aid—or even decide against both; if an American Far Eastern policy could be established according to the dictates either of national interests or Congressional politics, then Britain could choose a course to follow. As Washington flounders, the most responsible Britishers know exactly what keeps it floundering. The British newspapers do not allow you to forget McCarthy.

This does not mean that Britain has become a suburban or provincial region of American politics. It does mean, on the contrary, that London, as the capital of the non-American section of the English-speaking world, is the headquarters of Uncle Sam's loyal Opposition. The United Kingdom's opposition to America's policies or lack of policies is, as everybody knows, entirely nonpartisan, and there is little difference between the attitude of Sir Winston Churchill and that of Clement Attlee. When the time to speak out comes, the British do not mince words, regardless of what the reactions on the other side of the Atlantic are likely to be. They do it knowingly, for if there is not a common citizenship in the English-speaking world, there is certainly a community of destiny, and the British realize that the best they can do to keep that community alive is to call a spade a spade and to be unafraid of our superior power. Now as always—let us hope forever—Britain is an island of sanity and courage.

Across the Channel

Between Great Britain and France or Italy, between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin world, the distance seems to have become oceanic. At least this was the impression I gained when I reached Paris: the impression that France's difficulties had become so ingrown and intertwined that even the largest measure of American assistance could do but little to relieve them. In Rome, later, a different set of circumstances brought me to a similar conclusion. In the critical Italian elections of 1948 the United States played a major role by making it unmistakably clear that the Italians would have to choose between the Marshall Plan and Communism. In the coming elections, we have little more to offer the Italian democrats than our sincere good wishes.

There is a heart-rending quality in the combination of plights that make life miserable for the French people. For years, the most clear-minded among them have maintained that their country could not go on fighting the war in Indo-China, and could not get out of it. With the other NATO Allies, France must bear its share in the common defense against Soviet Russia while, at its border, the power of Germany is growing—a power on which France has to rely and which it can never trust.

A French statesman tells you that Parliament will never ratify the European Defense Community as long as the Indo-China war goes on; another holds that the one condition for the ratification of the EDC is a formal British guarantee; while a third will claim that a solution to the Saar problem is the one and only condition for a reasonable settlement of German-French difficulties—and so on. It is easy for an American to be impatient with all these Frenchmen who find compelling, superlogical reasons for *not* doing something about the many things that beg to be done for the salvation of France: constitutional reform to ensure stable Cabinets; productivity drives to break the strangle hold of monopolies on all levels, from trusts to trade unions; limitation of spending either for armaments or for social services to a level the French economy can bear; and many more.

Yet it must be admitted that in no country is the making of basic political decisions so risky as in France. Each politician, while watching the ever-shifting balance of power among parties, must struggle to keep up his position against opposing factions within his own party. The fragmentation of parties goes on unabated, the latest being that of de Gaulle's R.P.F., which originally started as a revolt against the abuses of partisanship. Com-

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munism itself has become dull and stagnant, although it can afford to watch with equanimity the decay of democratic parties.

The only source of optimism and hope is in those supranational structures mostly heralded by a Frenchman, Jean Monnet. One of these—the Schuman Plan—has already started working and yielding results under Monnet's direction. But here too you find thoughtful Frenchmen who refuse to believe that French difficulties can be solved by being transferred to a supranational plan. Not much health, they say, is going to be achieved by pooling the rottenness of the French and Italian economies. These people do not refuse the idea of European or of Atlantic federation; indeed, the belief that the salvation of France and of the free world depends on an interlocking system of federations, centered around but not controlled by the United States, is to be found among a surprisingly large number of politically minded men. But United Europe is not a cure-all, it is said; and the reclamation of France is a job for the French alone.

The Italian Elections

During the last five years, Italy, a much poorer nation than France, has had at least the advantage of a stable Government. The danger now is that the general elections on June 7 may produce a Parliament that will not allow any stable majority. Indeed, the danger is even greater: for if De Gasperi's coalition of Center parties fails to win a majority in both houses of Parliament, then De Gasperi's own party, the Christian Democrats, might have to turn for support to the extreme Right.

On the extreme Right are the Monarchists and the neo-Fascists. During the last five years, the strength of both these parties has been steadily growing. De Gasperi has been frequently accused of not having pushed agrarian reform hard enough. But, particularly in the south, he has hurt enough landowning interests to provide the Monarchists and the neo-Fascists with recruits. He may not have done all he could to relieve the people's misery, but he has done too much for his own good.

On the basis of the municipal elections during the last two years, it is generally assumed that the Christian Democrats will lose between fifteen and twenty per cent of their 1948 vote. This time there are no visible dramatic alternatives, and the popular mood is sullen. It is generally conceded that the Center coalition will probably win a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. But the special electoral law which guarantees sixty-four per cent of the Chamber seats to the coalition that gains a bare majority of the electorate will not operate in the election for the Senate. The election for the upper chamber was not scheduled until next year. Why De Gasperi decided to dissolve the Senate and have both elections at the same time is still a complete mystery. There are people who maintain that the Premier was forced to take this step by the right wing of his party, in order to make him dependent on the Monarchists in the Senate.

The strongest Catholic party in western Europe would then swing to the Right. The Right means heightened nationalism, the stopping of agricultural and social reforms, and increased labor unrest. It means at least one turn of the screw toward the police state—just as it means anti-Americanism. Italy would become a purely parasitical member of the Atlantic alliance, beset by social unrest and stirred by longings for Mussolini's lost empire.

The other Catholic parties in western Europe could not help being grievously affected by a turn to the Right in Rome, the city that houses within its boundaries the Vatican—a sovereign state with spiritual authority over the Catholic world.

THERE is a man in Italy who looks at all these potential developments with scarcely concealed relish. His rotund face wears the smile of the cat about to swallow the canary. He is Pietro Nenni, the man who all over the world has become the symbol for fellow-traveling Socialism. He blandly states that De Gasperi, or for that matter any other Christian Democratic leader who may be called to form a Government, will not have to depend on Monarchists or neo-Fascists. He, Nenni, is there to provide the alternative, and will be glad to enter a coalition Cabinet.

Nenni is not asking a high price. If Italy becomes a somewhat neutral or dormant member of the Atlantic alliance, that will be enough. The Communists, on the other hand, would not mind Italy's neutrality within the Atlantic alliance. The same pattern might be applied to a united Germany, and maybe to Japan. The Axis countries would be neutralized.

Should the Christian Democrats turn their backs on Nenni, he and his Communist friends could find consolation in the thought that Italy would be neutralized anyway, by nationalism on the rampage and by internal troubles. If the Right advances, the Left gains.

NOW THAT the era of large-scale aid to our Allies is nearly over, is there a policy our government can devise to re-establish American leadership in western Europe? Have we any way of wrecking the "Heads I win, tails you lose" trap that Nenni and the Communists have designed for Italy—and not for Italy alone?

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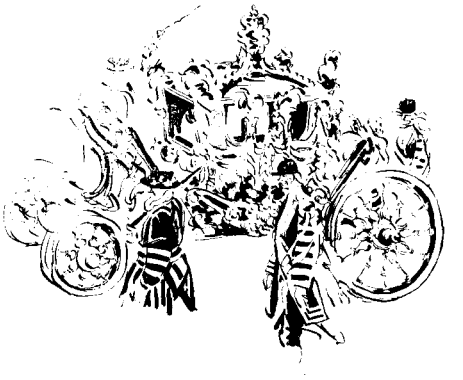
Crown And Commonwealth



WILLIAM CLARK

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the Peoples of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Pakistan and Ceylon, and of your Possessions and the other Territories to any of them belonging or pertaining, according to their respective laws and customs?"

THE QUEEN: *"I solemnly promise so to do."*

IT IS by these words in the Coronation ceremony that Queen Elizabeth is accepted as the undoubted Queen not only of Britain but of the Commonwealth. In all the ancient ceremonies and antique rites of her Proclamation there is a new phrase: "Head of the Commonwealth." To people in Britain it is not only the most novel but also the most important phrase, for it symbolizes the new role Britain seeks to play in the world.

Beneath all the ballyhoo and cheering, the deep emotional significance of the Coronation for us in Britain lies in this: that we are not just an island off the coast of Europe, not just a nation with a glorious imperial past, but the leader of a community of nations which we firmly believe has set a pattern of international relations the world must one day follow.

It is from this that there arises a large part of the mystifying and growing popularity of our royal family among British people. We have in half a century lost our industrial supremacy and our financial hegemony. We have absolutely lost our insular safety and armed invulnerability, but in the Crown and the Commonwealth we believe we have found a unique political instrument that eventually will give us a new and still eminent place in the world.

British people are as proud and as touchy about the Crown and Commonwealth as Americans have been about "the incomparable blessings of our Federal and republican institutions." We do not like to have them taken lightly or regarded as obsolete. Present-day Americans rarely speak disparagingly of the Crown, but when they speak of the Empire as dead or dying—as President Roosevelt did to Prime Minister Churchill—they rouse incoherent but voluble wrath. For though the word Empire *is* obsolete, most Britishers feel that the Commonwealth is the old imperial concept—of which they are still proud—

brought up to date. The suggestion that the Commonwealth is a sham, a formal relic of past power, is simply received with impolite incredulity. We feel we know that it is our supreme political reality, the mainspring of our world policy.

The Incomparable Symbol

The Commonwealth is based on sentiment, and the Crown is based on symbolism. In political life the most powerful force is sentiment, and the most effective motives for sentiment are symbols. A nation finds it impossible to exist without the sentiment of loyalty, and nearly always the loyalty is to a symbol, whether it be a flag or a throne, an altar or a legend. An international organization has an even greater need of such symbolism because the loyalty is weaker and needs a clear focus. The Commonwealth is based on the sentiment of loyalty focused on the symbol of the Crown.

But it is a profound mistake to imagine that the Commonwealth is nothing more than a sentimental loyalty. Ask any Englishman for some proof that the Commonwealth is a political reality and he will refer you straightway to September, 1939. The fact that in that month every British Dominion freely decided to join the fight against Hitler is burned into the British mind. There is an intimacy of feeling between those countries which were actually fighting in 1940-1941, when "we stood alone," that will not die in a generation.

Like many strong loyalties, this one has an exclusive side. The band that fought in 1940 does not include the United States—a rarely mentioned fact which lies at the back of

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much anti-American feeling. This exclusive loyalty is also one of the important factors dividing Britain from the Continent of Europe.

The year 1940 was "our finest hour"; it was the hour of Europe's travail, defeat, and degradation. Much of the political feeling against Britain's uniting with Europe arises from that memory. It is mostly a foolish sentiment based on strategic ignorance, but the profound popular fear that "the Europeans will collapse and we'll be left alone again" is too powerful to be ignored. When Americans say "Integrate or else," Britishers are likely to reply—usually to themselves—"All right, then, suppose we make planes and France makes the aircraft instruments; France collapses again and then what?" The argument seems quite unanswerable, but it never strikes us as odd if some essential product is manufactured in Canada, because that is a Commonwealth country and therefore reliable.

Most thoughtful Britishers realize that in terms of unitary defense the Commonwealth is no longer a political reality. It is clear that the lifeline of Empire now runs straight through Washington, and that an Anglo-American split would leave Australia, New Zealand, and Canada undefended by their traditional defender. But even in terms of defense the Commonwealth has some reality; the British equivalent of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is called the Chief of the *Imperial* General Staff, and to some extent he justifies his name. Indian and Australian officers alike train regularly at British war colleges; Canadian and Pakistani sailors alike train on British ships. Above all, the principle of mutual and common defense, proclaimed with such legitimate fanfare when NATO was set up, has been accepted without question for half a century between the mother country and the Dominions. An attack on New Zealand is without question an attack on Britain (which is one good reason why Britain feels that it is absurd for it to be excluded from the Pacific defense pact).

IN AFFAIRS of commerce the Commonwealth is certainly a reality, though the nature of that reality is often misconceived. The British may indeed be a nation of shopkeepers, but the Commonwealth is not a chain store. It has its trade barriers, but it is not an exclusive monopoly keeping other competitors wholly out of the ring.

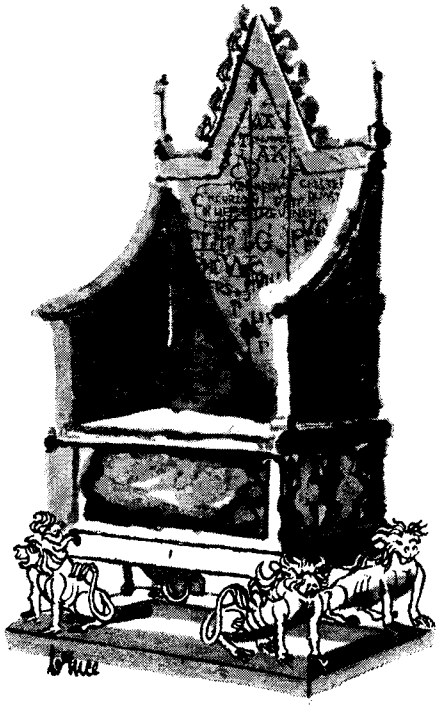
The sterling area—which is the Commonwealth minus Canada and plus a few other countries—is a vast trading area which mostly allows its banking and its dollar balances to remain in London. Its economic policy is also directed to a large extent by London. To followers of Adam Smith or Karl Marx this is a far from ideal system, but it is held together by the realization of the members that there is nothing better available. It does not prevent dollar crises, but it has helped overcome them. There is no sudden order: "Cut down on dollar expenditure," but rather a quiet board-room meeting at which it is pointed out that if dollar expenditures are not reduced everyone will soon go broke. For better or worse the method has proved very effective several times since the war ended.

The consultation and discussion that play such a large part in sterling-area trade lie in fact at the basis of a great deal of Commonwealth relations. Someone once said that the British Empire was based on trade and telegrams; there is a lot of truth in that today. The telegrams in question are the little known but vitally important series from Whitehall to the Prime Ministers of each of the Dominions. In them are contained virtually complete accounts of British government policy on all matters of common concern—such as economics, foreign affairs, and defense. The Dominion Prime Ministers can comment if they wish, or explain their own course of action. However, the essence of the exchange is not to arrive at agreement on action but at an understanding of the basis of action. For instance, Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin explained *in advance* why he intended to recognize the Peking Government in China; the Australian and Canadian Foreign Ministers explained why they would not do so. In spite of the divergent decisions there has been no quarreling, no misunderstanding between the parts of the Commonwealth on this issue. Also, in London the High Commissioners of the Dominions (who are the equivalent of ambassadors) meet almost daily with a member of the British Cabinet to express their points of view and raise any problems they wish answered or clarified. Similarly in posts abroad or at international conferences, the delegates of the various parts of the Commonwealth consult.

This frequent consultation is one of the reasons that the Commonwealth remains an important political reality and a real force in the world today. But it is important to realize what the process is which takes place. This is no Cominform where the orders from London are given to the fellow travelers and satellites. However much they consult, the Dominions remain absolutely and genuinely independent—so independent, in fact, that the most populous member of the Commonwealth, the Republic of India, does not even owe allegiance to the Crown.

Same Words, Different Meanings

Whenever the British government speaks about the fullest international co-operation, what it has at the back of its mind is the Commonwealth pattern, just as when the



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United States government uses the phrase what it envisages is a federal arrangement. Unfortunately, this difference in viewpoint has not been fully recognized.

In all the debates and discussions on United Europe, the ultimate ideal of Mr. Churchill, and of those who for a time supported British participation, was that there should be the same intimate exchange of views between European governments and Britain as there is between Commonwealth governments and Britain. It was with this pattern in mind that Sir Oliver Franks and Dag Hammerskjoeld built the Organization for European Economic Cooperation in Paris. Also the Western Union Defense treaty, with its elaborate arrangements for exchanging military information, was modeled on the way the Imperial General Staff works on Commonwealth defense matters. In all Britain's postwar plans for closer European co-operation the essential thing was flexibility: the fullest consultation and discussion combined with complete freedom for each sovereign nation to decide for itself what executive action it would take.

But the American idea of European co-operation was essentially that of a United States of Europe, with a central government which took executive decisions, while leaving extensive rights to the national governments. That lay behind the Harriman-Hoffman pressure for a strong OEEC staff and an OEEC Council that would debate and then lay down policy for all member states to follow. The same kind of idea, carried much farther, lies behind the Schuman Plan and the plan for the European Defense Community. The tragedy is that the implication of neither the British nor the American concept was fully understood, so that both remain current. Today the best that a more United Europe can look forward to is some kind of continuing compromise that is half federal and half Commonwealth.

In NATO, something like the British idea of using the Commonwealth pattern has so far held the field, though with more formal organization and a more centralized military command. The British idea is more likely to prevail in the foreseeable future because the alternative of federation does not appeal to the United States if it means abandoning any American sovereignty to an outside body. At the North Atlantic Council meetings, decisions are taken in common but are then carried out by individual governments. No one, not even British enthusiasts, would claim that this is the ideally efficient method of conducting business, but it can be claimed that it suits the world as it is, with sovereign states anxious to co-operate but determined to retain a large measure of independence.

No More 'Lesser Breeds'

At the back of their minds—and indeed rather to the forefront at Coronation time—many people in Britain see the Commonwealth as the ultimate pattern for world co-operation. The main reason for this belief is that the Commonwealth today represents the only free association between the races of man. NATO and the European Defense Community are all-white; the multiracial Soviet Union is not free.

Since 1947, when the Indian Empire ended and India, Pakistan, and Ceylon became self-governing mem-

bers of the Commonwealth, there has been a growing pride in its multiracial character. This has had a profound practical effect on British policy. The United Kingdom's attitude toward China has been greatly influenced by the views of Prime Minister Nehru. Because it was essential to retain India's loyalty, Britain came nearer to an open breach with the United States in the winter of 1950-1951 than at any time since 1940.

The Commonwealth has not only its active Asian members but also a growing weight of African opinion to consider. Africans in the colonies are members of the Commonwealth, but as long as they are not near to self-government their influence on the political realities of the Commonwealth is negligible. But in the past three years it has been made clear that there is every chance that two African Dominions—Gold Coast and Nigeria—will soon be represented at Commonwealth meetings. Already the pressures of black African opinion are being felt.

It is in Africa that the Commonwealth now faces its greatest opportunities and its greatest possibility of catastrophe. If the Gold Coast experiment under Kwame Nkrumah's Premiership is really successful, then the Commonwealth will have proved what it has always boasted: that British colonialism is the preparation for democratic self-government. It is difficult to think of a greater triumph, or one more likely to recommend the Commonwealth as a world pattern.

But is the essence of an experiment that it may fail. The danger is less that the Gold Coast government itself will fail than that the noble attempt to establish a genuine multiracial Commonwealth will be destroyed by the refusal of some parts of the Commonwealth to accept the domestic implications of this international policy.

The recent elections in the Union of South Africa have given a mandate (from the white minority) to Dr. Malan to wreck any approach to multiracialism in his own country. It is very hard to believe that the South African government would ever consent to the inclusion of a Gold Coast Premier at Commonwealth conferences.

Here is the crucial area of decision for the Commonwealth and perhaps for the world. Three-quarters of the people who make up the new Queen's Commonwealth are colored. If the Commonwealth is to continue, it must accept the equality of races when they live mixed together as in Kenya and the Rhodesias—just as it

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accepts the equality of Ceylon and Canada.

It is now clear that Malan will move away from all idea of racial equality, and so he must eventually leave the Commonwealth or wreck it. But even if he leaves it there remains the problem of East Africa and especially of Kenya, terribly exacerbated by the Mau Mau troubles and of the emerging Central African Federation. Here British settlers must work out their destiny and that of the Commonwealth. If they fail to move toward their proclaimed ideal of partnership between the races, then the Commonwealth will dissolve and what some people consider the best hope of world cooperation will have been destroyed.

But at this moment, as Queen Elizabeth becomes Head of the Commonwealth and prepares for her trip later in the year to Asian and Australian Dominions, it is permissible to assert that it will not fail. The British Empire has been buried by contemporary historians many times since Pitt said after Yorktown: "The Sun of England's glory is set"; yet it continues in a new constantly evolving form.

It continues not because the British have any special political magic, but because as the least self-sufficient nation on earth they have to spread their activities over the whole world. As a result there has always been a keen awareness in Britain of the fraternity of the peoples of the globe —a realization that a rice famine in Ceylon is our business because our trade, our defense, our "interests" are bound up with Ceylon as with Malaya or Nigeria. It is simply that community of interest which is expressed in the phrase "the Commonwealth of Nations."

But far-off interests and foreign concerns can easily be forgotten or ignored. That is where the Crown, with its symbolism, its magic, and its evocation of loyalties, is essential. No one anywhere will cheer habeas corpus or the Statute of Westminster, but today in Europe, Asia, Africa, and both Americas there are millions of people of many races prepared to shout, with genuine feeling, "God Save the Queen!"

Has Bevanism Shot Its Bolt?

GEOFFREY COX

The controversy around Aneurin Bevan in the British Labour Party is entering a new phase. The level of British rearmament has ceased to be the central issue; the dispute has now taken on the classic form of a conflict between Left and Right, particularly over the degree of future nationalization. Bevan's personal bid to be Clement Attlee's successor as leader of the Labour Party has, for the present at least, been frustrated. In the cold war within the movement, Bevan's opponents have in recent months barred against him every direct route to the party leadership and through that to the Premiership. Only some major change in world events, such as an American recession, can possibly clear the obstacles from his path.

Bevan, biding his time aggressively on Labour's front bench in the House of Commons, gives no sign of doubting that such a change will come. He retains enough confidence in his own destiny to be sure that events in due course will demand his drastic remedies. Whether this confidence is misplaced remains the most widely debated, and debatable, issue in British politics.

A Subdued Nye

For the present the Bevanites have undoubtedly been forced onto the defensive. The counterattack launched against them in the past few months by Herbert Morrison, Hugh Gaitskell, and the leaders of most of the major trade unions has proved more successful than at first seemed possible. The Bevanites' triumph at the party conference at Morecambe last October, when they won six of seven local places on the executive committee, has been offset by a series of defeats in the "Shadow Cabinet" at Westminster—and it is these elected Labour Members of Parliament who hold the ultimate power of selecting the party leader. These parliamentary moves have been accompanied, in the country at large, by a sustained campaign of denunciation by the leaders of most of the main trade unions, in particular by Arthur Deakin of the Transport and General Workers' Union and Sir William Lawther of the miners. Lawther's remark in New York in October that Bevan has "his feet in Moscow and his eyes on No. 10 Downing Street" has been among the milder pieces of vituperation fired at Bevan.

The anti-Bevanites gained their first

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victory at Westminster when Clement Attlee, who had remained more or less silent at Morecambe, roundly denounced Bevan's group as a "party within a party" and secured its dissolution. Attlee was re-elected Party Leader unopposed, and Bevan was not only defeated by Herbert Morrison for the Deputy Leadership—by 194 to 82—but was outmaneuvered in the elections to Labour's "Shadow Cabinet" policy committee. Bevan barely got the last place on the committee, unaccompanied by any other Bevanite.

Aneurin Bevan thus finds himself back on the Opposition front bench, but on his opponents' terms. He can no longer speak when he chooses or as he chooses, rallying his supporters from the independence of the back benches. Now he can rise in a major debate only as the spokesman of the Shadow Cabinet. He can and does torment Morrison and Gaitskell by intervening with greater swiftness and greater belligerency whenever the chance offers for a row with the Tories, but this is a poor compensation for the loss of his freedom to heckle both parties at will. His two most recent appearances as a front-bench spokesman, in the debates over the budget and over a motion of censure against the Government on the denationalization of trucking, have lacked his old impact. It looks indeed as if he is making a bid to work his passage back to favor—a tactic which not all his supporters regard with approval.

Nor is it a practicable route for him to take. For astride it stand the irate union leaders and his own distrustful front-bench colleagues. Deakin, Lawther, and Sir Lincoln Evans (whose acceptance of a knighthood was strongly criticized by the Bevanite weekly *Tribune*) together compose a very formidable force. Moreover, their antagonism to Aneurin Bevan—and even more to his colleagues Ian Mikardo and Michael Foot, both co-editors of the *Tribune*—goes deeper even than personalities.

It goes down to the bedrock issue of the position of trade unions under nationalization. More nationalization is the central point now in Bevanite policy. But the union leaders want to look very carefully before they leap again in this direction. Many of their members argue that nationalization has meant bureaucratic control, not workers' control—and have said so in resolution after resolution and speech after speech. Wage negotiations with the state monopoly have in some cases contained more snags than the old arguments with a group of employers. As loyal Labour Party members the Deakins and Lawthers are for nationalization in principle—and in time. But union suspicion of "intellectuals" inevitably revives sharply when the ex-journalists and ex-professors around Bevan come forward with a new list of industries to be taken over at once for ideological reasons.

EVEN union antagonism might not prove an insuperable obstacle if it were not accompanied by the deep distrust that has grown up between Aneurin Bevan and virtually all the other leading Labour politi-

Bevan

cians. That mutual confidence without which no democratic party can function has been the first casualty in this struggle. The accusation that Bevan has threatened party unity and his own angry repudiation of this charge have made the distrust on both sides very personal and very bitter.

Bevan has failed to win over any major figure in the Labour movement except the one former Cabinet Minister who resigned with him, Harold Wilson. Above all, no important trade-unionist has backed Bevan, with the temporary exception of Walter Padley, of the shop assistants' union, who lined up with the Bevanites because he too favored a cut in the arms program. Most of the politicians around Bevan—Michael Foot, Tom Driberg, Barbara Castle, Richard Crossman—are propagandists rather than leaders. Only one, the shrewd and burly Ian Mikardo (the real strategist in the Bevanite campaign), has the true stuff of leadership in him. Bevan keeps brilliant but not powerful company—and politics is ultimately a question of power. It is significant that neither George Strauss, Bevan's prewar Popular Front colleague, nor John Strachey, the former Secretary of State for War and still a figure of importance, has been willing to commit his political future to Bevan.

Nor can Bevan offset this opposition within his own party by appealing to any major body of non-Labour opinion among the voters. The reverse is indeed true. His sudden outbursts of hatred, such as his description of his Tory opponents as "lower than vermin," send chills down the backs of the middle classes, and his is a middle-class country. Many of Britain's cautious small-income suburbanites fear that Bevan's policies may be shaped as much by a desire to avenge the past as to rebuild the future. He has certainly enough to avenge—his childhood in grim, gray Tredegar; his father's death from pneumonicosis after a lifetime hewing coal underground; Bevan's own frustrated early years when he was blacklisted by the mineowners. But the element of hatred which all this implanted in him is a serious defect in a man who seeks to lead not just one class but a whole nation.

Omens and Portents

But what if the specter of an American recession becomes a reality and a collapse in international trade brings millions of unemployed back into British streets? What if the Tories start a deflationary spiral inside Britain's own economy? What if the new American Administration embarks on some venture in Korea

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or China, or even Europe, which brings the risk of war much nearer? Will that then prove to be Bevan's challenge and his opportunity? In the face of mass unemployment the union leaders may well look anxiously around for a bold new leader, or they may be swept aside by a new generation of unionists weary of cautious gradualism. In an international crisis the middle classes' fear of Bevan could be drowned in their fear of war. If events carry Britain into another war, there are even some Conservatives who speculate on the possibility that its people might gamble on Bevan's strength and aggressiveness in the hope of finding another Lloyd George or Winston Churchill.

Yet even if such events occur, is it certain that power within the British Labour movement would fall to Aneurin Bevan and to no other? Is he the one man to whom the Labour movement and the public would inevitably turn, the one sure residual legatee on the Left?

It is at this point that any observer of the British scene is forced off the relatively sure ground of contemporary events onto the highly debatable topic of Aneurin Bevan's own personality. Men in daily contact with him, whether as politicians or journalists or officials, differ strongly as to his true worth. One sees him as a philosopher and revolutionary, a man who combines a passionate longing for the welfare of the ordinary people with a Welsh fervor and mysticism; another sees him as a charlatan and demagogue; and yet another depicts him as just one more politician with an unusual flair for self-dramatization.

THE EVIDENCE is certainly contradictory enough. The man who on the public platform or in private conference seems to relish the crudest forms of abuse will walk out of the House of Commons and spend half an hour by himself among the El Grecos and Murillos of the National Gallery. The politician who, face flushed, gray hair falling over his forehead, will shout down his colleagues in a conference, was known at the Ministry of Health as a highly efficient administrator who won the respect of cautious bureaucrats. The

Morrison

robust Welshman who can still feel at home amid the slag heaps and grime of his native valleys is also the occupant of a house on the edge of London's fashionable Eaton Square—though he lives there modestly enough.

Engaging the Enemy

The key to these contradictions lies in the strong element of emotion which characterizes all Bevan's political actions. Democratic socialism, he has written, "must achieve passion in action." This passion, which in normal times makes the unemotional English wary of this Welshman with fire in his belly, is at one and the same time Bevan's greatest strength and his greatest weakness. His oratory shows this. As an orator he remains, with Winston Churchill, in a class apart. To understand Bevan's grip on his followers, one has only to hear him at a mass meeting. As he rises from his seat his burly figure embodies "that burning desire to engage the enemy" which Field Marshal Haig once called the essential characteristic of a commander. The thatch of thick gray hair, the dark eyebrows, the brilliant blue eyes, the ruddy face that seems slightly too small for the massive head, all rivet the attention of the crowd. The same vitality is forced into the thundering periods, the epigrams, in the hammering and thrusting gestures of his outstretched right arm. It shows even in the occasional stammer, in the curt joke tossed out triumphantly. It carries the older delegates back to the fights of the past on dark wet street corners, to the hunger marches and the slump and the General Strike of 1926, and it stirs the hopes and confidence of the youngsters.

Yet too often Bevan himself seems to be carried away by a desire to give expression not to his own views but to the feelings of his audience, a characteristic that has made him say rash things and do great political damage to himself and his party. Too often Bevan is content merely to arouse emotion. One can put a title to each important Churchill speech, but the crowds who come from a Bevan meeting flushed and hoarse with their own cheering would be hard put to it the next week or even the next day to say exactly what had been preached to them.

The Bevan Mystique

Bevanism is, in fact, not so much a statement of principles as a state of mind. But it is an important state of mind. It is the state of mind of many people who may not have thought their beliefs out very clearly but who support deeply and sincerely the welfare state, who abhor the thought of another world war and who are yet profoundly and instinctively anti-Communist, the people who believe that Labour's job is only half done. These may be confused feelings, but they go deep and are spread wide.

Amongst them is one stream of opinion of great importance outside the borders of Britain herself. This is anxiety about American policy—a mixture of desire to avoid another war, dislike of many aspects of American life, and the frustrated nationalism of a great nation which finds itself, while still a world power, forced continually to do the bidding of another state. Bevan, it is true, is punctilious in asserting that he likes and respects many Americans a good deal more than he likes and respects any British Tory and that Britain must maintain and preserve the American alliance. But these are not the passages in his speeches into which he breathes fire, as when he thundered at Morecambe that America is "hag-ridden by two fears: the fear of war and the fear of unemployment—a fear of peace."

Again and again he argues that

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the shortsightedness and rashness of American foreign policy is as much a danger to peace as Communist aggression. It is little wonder that Bevanism has come to be regarded as synonymous with neutralism, and though Bevan has never committed himself unequivocally to any such stand, he has nevertheless done a great deal to make anti-Americanism respectable.

BEVAN'S critics within his own party regard him as deliberately playing on anti-American sentiment in order to win popularity. His supporters argue that since such sentiment exists it is a good deal better to have it canalized by Bevan into the Labour Party, where it is kept under control, than to allow it to swing away to reinforce the Communists.

The obscurity in Bevan's attitude toward the cardinal problem of Britain's relations with America demonstrates a certain lack of clarity of mind which in these past two years has marred his qualities as a leader. He often gives the impression of failing, or refusing, to carry his thinking through to its logical conclusion, to make clear exactly where he stands on the issue of the moment. His long-term attitude is clear. He believes in socialism accomplished through the parliamentary system. He despises the Communists as a party that is afraid of the people. He has been rightly described as the last of the Chartists, those British reformers of a century ago who believed universal suffrage would solve every problem. These views he shared with the late Sir Stafford Cripps, who was the one man in the postwar Labour Administrations to whom Bevan would yield with good grace.

Less to Shout About

The vagueness of his ideas at first helped rather than hindered Bevan's claims. Everyone in his party from the fellow traveler to the pacifist could find some point with which to agree. But this has proved a diminishing asset. With each month that passes, the gap between Bevan and the rest of the party closes. To a considerable degree, Bevanism in its formative months was simply the embodiment of the frustrations of the rank and file during the closing

Attlee

days of the Labour Government, the inevitable swing away from its official leadership that every party makes as it moves into opposition.

Bevan, by leaping into opposition nine months ahead of his colleagues, put himself at the head of this movement. But now the others are catching up. There is no longer any deep disagreement over rearmament. Even Mr. Churchill has become a Bevanite on that issue. On German rearmament, on Far Eastern policy, there is little but vehemence of expression to distinguish the Bevanites from the bulk of the Labour Party. Churchill has urged a three-power meeting with more warmth than Bevan himself.

On domestic policy, too, there is much wider agreement than seemed possible a year ago. Nationalization, supported by the Bevanites on ideological grounds, has been refurbished and made respectable by the managerial wing of the Labour Party, who have adopted it as one possible technique for dealing with Britain's trading problem, since increased production in nationalized steel and coal is taken as a proof of its value for securing a general increase in production. Recent discussions held by the Labour Party executive proved remarkably amicable, and preparation of a long-term policy is going ahead smoothly.

IN THE contest for the party leadership, time, it is true, is on Bevan's side. He is only fifty-five—ten years younger than Herbert Morrison, fifteen years younger than Clement Attlee, seven years younger than his fellow Welshman James Griffiths, the ex-Colonial Secretary. No other Labour politician of any stature belongs to Bevan's age group, for his was a generation decimated by the First World War. Both his younger challengers—Gaitskell, who is forty-seven this April, and Alfred Robens, former Minister of Labour, who is forty-two — are immature in the tasks of public leadership, however skilled they may be as administrators. Had Bevan been content to sit quiet and wait, he might have been sure of the succession after Clement Attlee's resignation. As it is, Attlee is clearly determined to stay on until someone other than Bevan is groomed for the leadership.

Even if an extreme crisis forces the British Labour movement sharply to the Left, it is not certain that it will swing to Bevan. Not certain—but not uncertain. For with all his defects Bevan has that touch of deep feeling, that profound confidence in his historic role, which marks but few men in the grinding daily world of politics. He walks apart, believing in his own destiny, prepared to answer its call.

It has become customary to regard Aneurin Bevan's future as a choice between two extremes, between power and frustration, between the Premiership and the fate of ending as "an elderly burlesque of an agitator, living in Chelsea." Yet there is a third possibility. It may be Bevan's destiny to keep the Labour Party on a leftward bearing, to keep alive and clear its socialist beliefs, to prevent its slipping into the ideological sterility that has afflicted social democracy on the Continent, to provoke ideas in others even if he does not provide them himself. This may be his historic role, and he may already be fulfilling it. That he is doing so as a rebellious lieutenant rather than as an accepted leader may prove to be of only secondary importance.

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Las Vegas: The Sucker And the Almost-Even Break

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

UNDER the low green ceiling, customers filled the floor and lined the tables. Behind the cashier's window a young lady politely interrogated a patron about the status of his credit. A porter slipped through the crowd removing fallen ashes from the thick carpet. Mr. Soskin, a short, dapper, almond-eyed man whose watchful aplomb marked him as a member of the management, smiled greetings at familiar faces while he worked his way purposefully toward Mr. Jones.

"How's it going?" asked Soskin.

"Poorly," said Jones. "I just checked the balance sheets for the first shift."

Except for occasional muffled announcements such as "Hard Eight," "Coming out," and "Six, a winner," the atmosphere might have been that of a department store on a moderately busy day.

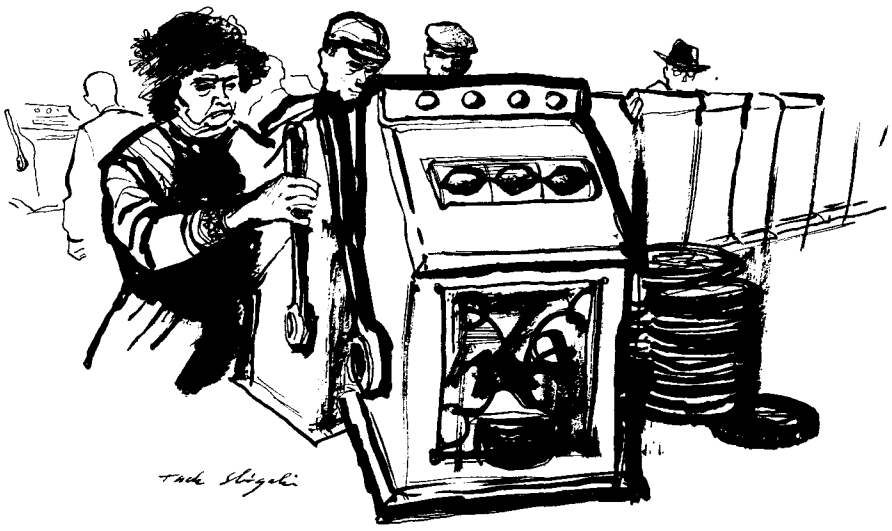
That this was the gambling casino of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, that C. J. ("Kans") Jones was assistant casino manager, that Frankie Soskin was a pit boss, and that dice instead of merchandise moved on the tables made little difference. For this was also Las Vegas, where gambling is a legitimate industry and competition has made courtesy and adroit public relations the order of the day.

ALTHOUGH the State of Nevada legalized gambling in 1931, the present elaborate Las Vegas industry is mostly a product of the prosperous past decade. In 1940, the city's population was 8,422 and the gambling business consisted of three major casinos downtown plus a random assortment of slot machines in local taverns. Today the population is about thirty-five thousand. The downtown area now boasts ten major casinos and a dozen-odd smaller clubs. Between the city limits and McCarran Airport a barren highway has blossomed into "The Strip"—seven luxurious resort hotels sometimes described as "casinos with rooms."

Two of the Strip hotels, the Sands and the Sahara, have opened since last October; three more and a race track are in various stages of planning. In addition, almost every roadhouse in the area now sports at least one crap table, and many drug and grocery stores house slot machines to relieve customers of loose change.

Last year the Las Vegas gambling industry paid state taxes on about $45 million in gross winnings, which helps account for the fact that Nevada has no state income tax, no inheritance tax, and no sales tax. Considering the tendency of some casino proprietors to "rake off the top of the heap" before recording daily receipts, the gross winnings of the Las Vegas industry may actually have approached $55 million—which, in turn, would have meant that about $300 million was gambled during the year. This year's business volume may well reach the half-billion-dollar mark, dwarfing that of any other industry in the state.

The huge Golden Nugget Club in downtown Las Vegas has a payroll of 750 people, making it one of the largest employers in Nevada apart from the state government. The 6,400 people working in Las Vegas



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LANGUAGE OF THE INDUSTRY

HOUSE—The management of a casino or gambling club.

CHECKS—House chips, in $5, $25, and $100 denominations.

PIT BOSS—Officer in direct charge of craps, "21," or roulette section of the casino.

BOX MAN—Seated supervisor at crap tables who watches play for cheating and to assure proper payoffs.

STICKMAN—Crap dealer who controls and passes the dice by means of a stick with a hook at the end.

APRON MAN—Seated supervisor at the roulette wheel.

SHILL—Gambler hired by house, playing with house money, to get game started.

PRODUCER—A customer whose primary source of income is other than gambling; a businessman, and far preferable to a:

NONPRODUCER—a professional gambler, who bets heavily but skillfully and who can therefore cost the house a great deal of money.

BUST-OUT JOINT—Illegal or shady gambling establishment.

PERCENTAGE DICE—Dice made by certain gambling-supply houses which load them or cut the edges unevenly in order to increase percentage for the house; not used in better Las Vegas clubs, which depend on normal betting advantage for the house, but common in bust-out joints all over the country.

ACTION—Fast-moving, heavy-betting play.

SOFT PLAY—Loose, ignorant betting by tourists.

HARD PLAY—Tight, skillful playing by gamblers. (In Las Vegas, the downtown clubs get more hard play; the Strip hotels get more soft play.)

SLEEPER—Customer who doesn't know the game and who may forget to pick up winnings. In most Las Vegas clubs, dealers are ordered to watch sleepers and make sure they are paid off.

DAUBER—Customer who marks cards with almost invisible stain or dye.

CRIMPING AND WAVING—Bending cards to mark them; impossible with plastic cards now in use at the better casinos.

casinos account for well over half of the city's entire labor force; southern Nevada's next largest industry, the magnesium development thirteen miles away at Henderson, employs only 2,900.

The men who run the gambling industry are for the most part neither racketeers nor churchgoing, Rotary-minded businessmen. Obviously, all those who share operational responsibilities must know the gambling business; and since they have had to learn it in other states, where their activities were illegal, before settling down in Nevada, most have acquired some notoriety in those states.

An investor in a gambling enterprise must have, of course, not only a knack for its technical side but an affinity for its inseparable element of risk. Clifford A. Jones, the present Lieutenant Governor of Nevada and a part owner of the Thunderbird Hotel on the Strip and of the Pioneer and Golden Nugget Clubs downtown, reported paying $23,000 for a one per cent interest in the Nugget in 1947. Although the return on this investment has since averaged twelve thousand dollars a year, other industry investors point out that a national recession could wipe out such profits quickly, and Mr. Jones would have to fall back on his official salary of $50 a month plus $17 a day while the legislature is in session. Also if recent rumors of a new Mexican legalized gambling industry prove to be true, all of the Las Vegas enterprises would be in grave danger. Los Angeles, which supplies about sixty per cent of the industry's trade, is some 305 miles from Las Vegas but only 120 miles from Mexico.

The class of investors attracted to the gambling industry is further limited by the huge costs involved. The average Strip hotel has cost almost $4 million to build, and competition has led to policies of free drinks, free breakfasts, and near-free entertainment, with the result that the Desert Inn has a daily payroll of $11,000.

Bugsy's Heritage

By far the most notorious figure in industry management to date was the late "Bugsy" Siegel. Siegel had interests in the Golden Nugget and the Frontier Club in downtown Las Vegas, and when the Flamingo Hotel opened on the Strip in January, 1947, he took over as president, bringing with him various of the practices he had applied so well on the West Coast. He took the local racing-wire service under his wing, granting outlets only to the clubs of his choice at his price, and was powerful enough to control any malcontents.

It was not these operations but the aftermath of Siegel's murder that led the State of Nevada to clamp down on such entrepreneurs. A week after Siegel's murder in June, 1947, by persons still unknown, a man named Morris Rosen rushed in from the East to take over the race-book syndicate. But Rosen simply couldn't command the authority that had been Siegel's, and soon clubs that had been refused race-book leases were feuding with the favored few. It was "building up to a pitched battle," recalls Bill Moore, now the manager of the El Cortez Casino downtown.

An alarmed Las Vegas official presently wrote to Carson City for help, and Governor Vail Pittman responded by calling a hearing in October, 1948. The major result of this hearing was a new law giving the Nevada Tax Commission power to regulate the Nevada gambling industry. Actually, the Commission had been collecting taxes from the gambling industry since 1931 but its power to regulate as well as to tax had never been clearly defined. The 1949 law which followed the hearing did this.

All owners and managers of gambling establishments in Nevada were placed under the licensing thumb of the Tax Commission, which was authorized to investigate them, to grant or deny new licenses, and to revoke licenses already granted. The Tax Commission's policies are still not so tight as they might be.

"A man like Bugsy Siegel could never get a license now," says Paul McDermott, the present business representative on the Tax Commission. "One of the main things we're trying to do is keep out the syndicate bosses who'd like to come in here and take over the show. But we figure it takes a gambler to run a gambling casino. If he's out of prison,

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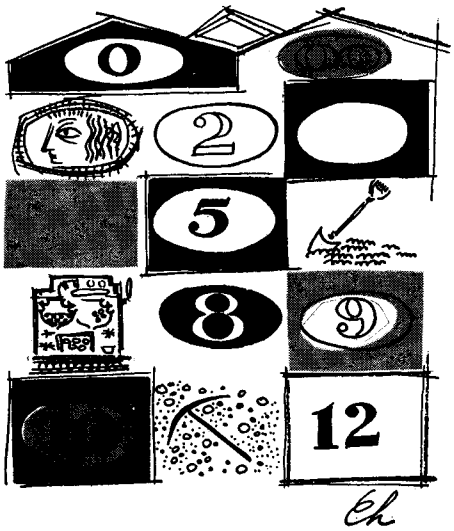

he's served his debt to society. If he's been up for murder, of course, the odds would be nine to one against his getting a license."

GOVERNOR Charles H. Russell, who serves as Chairman of the Tax Commission, is now sponsoring a bill to tighten up controls even further. Under this bill, the Commission could deny or revoke licenses merely on "reasonable doubt." The bill also would deny a license to any applicant convicted of a felony in the past five years, and would give the Tax Commission complete authority to ban gambling establishments near industrial or military installations.

The "reasonable-doubt" clause might even solve the Tax Commission's present problem concerning silent partners—men who know they would be refused licenses and so share secretly in ownership and in profits. A steady stream of rumors, for example, has connected Meyer and Jake Lansky with ownership in the Thunderbird Hotel on the Strip.

The Nevada Tax Commission is actually the only body in a position to control the Las Vegas gambling industry. City and county law-enforcement agencies do have licensing powers over all casino employees down to porters, but since many local officials can credit their election to campaign contributions from the gambling fraternity, their services are useful mainly to casino managers, who use the law-enforcement agencies to fingerprint and check police records on new employees.

Just as every level of state and local government has a hand in licensing requirements, so does every level share in tax receipts from the gambling industry. Besides its two per cent tax on gross winnings the state levies an annual thousand-dollar tax on each gambling table or device over ten except slot machines. Clark County collects six hundred dollars a year on each table or device, plus $120 per slot machine. The City of Las Vegas collects the same, and a casino with more than one crap table pays it a thousand dollars for each. In addition, the Federal government now levies a $250 annual tax on each slot machine.

Such a tax system, based primarily on a flat rate per device, is highly unfair to the owners of the downtown casinos, although few seem to have realized the fact as yet. The downtown clubs have to pay city taxes, while the Strip hotels are rendered immune by their location. Furthermore, except for the Golden Nugget, downtown revenues are far smaller than those on the Strip; yet the downtown clubs pay the same county, state, and Federal taxes per device. Also, they must depend heavily on slot machines, while the Strip hotel casinos concentrate on crap tables. The tax on a Strip crap table can be only 3.26 times that on a downtown slot machine, and the crap table's potential business volume is at least ninety-five times that of the slot machine.

The combination of city tax immunity on the Strip, the flat-rate tax system, and the unfair proportionate tax on slot machines can have strange statistical results. The downtown Boulder Club, with fourteen devices and 126 slot machines, pays an annual flat-rate tax of $94,140. The Desert Inn, with twelve devices and about ninety-two slot machines, pays only $52,740. Even taking into account the two per cent state tax on gross winnings, the Desert Inn can make $3 million to the Boulder Club's $1 million and still pay slightly less in taxes.

When the city tried to annex the Strip two years ago, the hotel owners, viewing the grim spectacle of city gambling taxes, quickly organized two townships called Paradise A and Paradise B to maintain autonomy. "We even get fifty per cent of our taxes back from the county for local improvement," says the popular Wilbur Clark, who has just been elected to a second term as Mayor of Paradise B.

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM

	Desert Inn, a Strip hotel	Boulder Club, a downtown casino
Craps	50%	17%
Slot machines	15%	36%
"21"	20%	12%
Roulette	15%	11%
Keno	None	13%
Poker & Pan	None	11%

DESPITE the disparity, the Big Ten casinos downtown and the Big Seven on the Strip all operate on an almost identical basis, paying the same odds on the same card, dice, and wheel combinations. Only slot machines are set as desired by individual managers, and in their case the proprietors have learned that high payoffs are more than compensated for by the increased volume of play they encourage. The proprietors have universally adopted a policy of encouraging trade with a few machines that pay as high as ninety-six per cent, making their big hauls on other, lower-paying machines.

Otherwise, the percentage of each dollar gambled that goes to the house is uniform. On craps, it's 1.41 per cent, although side "proposition" bets, which give the house as high as eleven per cent, are "what make craps really pay," according to Jim Young, the tall, soft-spoken manager of the Boulder Club. On "21," the house percentage is generally between four and five, the infinite number of card combinations making exact computation impossible. On roulette, the percentage is 5.26 for the house. Except for faro, an even-money game featured only downtown and there only as a kind of "loss leader" to draw customers, all other games range higher in odds for the management.

The majority of casino patrons in Las Vegas seem to understand these

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percentages instinctively. Aside from the large female and "one-shot" tourist investment in slot machines, the customers favor craps, "21," and roulette in that order—the same as the order of percentages against them. If faro lags, it is only because even visitors who know the game can seldom find space at any of the all too few tables.

THESE exact percentages are not actually a true indication of what the house has "going for it." There is an old gambling rule of thumb that the house should pick up four times its mathematical percentage. For one thing, the man with the most money wins the game if it is played long enough; he—or in this case, the house—can lose more than anyone else and still recoup, while the other players are forced to quit. For another, the house can depend on a certain amount of "soft play," such as side betting on craps, which increases the odds against the patron. In addition, there is the natural inclination of winners to reinvest their profits, bucking house percentages all the while, in hopes of winning even more. To these advantages the Las Vegas industry adds the liberal distribution of free drinks to players. The result is a sixteen to twenty per cent take instead of the modest four to five per cent that might be expected.

Such a percentage yields a more than adequate return for the Las Vegas gambling industry, especially since legalization and competition have combined to shift the emphasis from heavy play to volume play, from a clientele of "nonproducers," or professional gamblers, to a clientele of "producers," or "people who dig potatoes for a living and gamble for fun," as Wilbur Clark describes them.

A Day at the Desert Inn

The Desert Inn provides as good an example as any of a typical Las Vegas operation. The casino itself is a huge, softly lighted room directly to the right of the hotel entrance. A bar runs the entire length of the casino on the right, and slot machines fill the opposite wall like a single line of tightly packed iron soldiers at salute. In the middle of the room is the rectangle formed by the three roulette wheels, the four "21" tables, and the five crap tables.

Although neither the bar nor the casino itself ever closes, the operational day is generally considered to have started when the first shift comes on at 11 A.M.

The Inn must have on hand at the beginning of each day at least two hundred pairs of micrometer-tested dice, costing $1.25 a pair. (Seventy-odd damaged or worn pairs are given or thrown away daily.) The casino must stock three hundred $2.80 decks of Kem plastic playing cards, at a total cost of $840. (Forty decks are used per shift and washed and dried the following morning; after four months the cards are donated to the armed services.)

To finance casino operations, the house keeps ten thousand dollars in silver dollars and six thousand dollars in small change on hand at all times. In addition, each of the five crap tables starts its shift with a $7,400 bank in chips, and the house grants authority to draw additional chips on the joint signatures of the cashier, the pit boss, and one box man. Although the roulette wheels and the "21" tables start with smaller banks, the initial investment in all game banks probably totals sixty thousand dollars—all of which must be backed up with bills in the cashier's office. If the reserve bankroll is conservatively estimated at fifty thousand dollars, the daily cash-on-hand figure is brought to $126,000.

THE BASIC ODDS FAVOR THE HOUSE

Faro	Even
Craps	1.41%
"21"	4 to 5%
Roulette	5.26%
Slot machines	4 to 20%
Keno and Bingo	10 to 17%
Big Six, or Wheel of Fortune	16.67%

Except in the cashier's office, bills are seen only briefly in the casino. Each roulette, crap, and "21" table has a slot under which rests a locked box. When the customer hands over his money for chips—or "checks," as they are called—his bills go immediately into the box. Whatever chips are taken from the table after play are redeemed at the cashier's window.

One night about a month ago, the Desert Inn crap boxes yielded $210,000, but when the value of the chips redeemed was totted up, it was discovered that the craps shift had lost one thousand dollars. A week later, a slow session put only $26,000 in the box, but the house won $19,500 of that amount.

Such startling fluctuations account for the necessity for large cash reserves. When the Thunderbird opened on September 2, 1948, Wilbur Clark of the Desert Inn strolled into the new casino to provide a little of what is known around Las Vegas as "complimentary play." He left several hours later more than fifty thousand dollars richer, casting a considerable pall over his new competitors' opening night.

MANPOWER is another large problem for industry management. At the Desert Inn the evening shift totals sixty-seven people. This includes casino manager Billy Williams and the two assistant managers. Under them work the pit bosses, who supervise play from the thin center aisle of the rectangle of tables—Frankie Soskin on craps, Marty Kutzen on "21," and a third man on roulette. All three wear plain business suits, as do the two assistant pit bosses and the ten box men, seated by twos at each crap table, who supervise payoffs and handle cash paid in for chips. The actual dealers or "clerks" are identifiable by their white shirts, Desert Inn ties, and small green aprons. At each crap table two dealers collect and pay and a stickman passes the dice. At each roulette wheel there is one dealer and one apron man. At the

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four "21" tables six dealers take rotating tours of duty. The cashier's office is staffed by a credit manager and four subordinates; three uniformed and armed guards, deputized by the sheriff's office but paid by the house, keep order; two waitresses and a bartender handle the free drinks for playing patrons; and two porters round out the casino staff.

The booming gambling industry has created huge new labor needs in Las Vegas. And Strip restaurant, hotel, and bar service is consequently far inferior to that of most other resort-hotel areas. The gambling casinos themselves, however, are able to keep employment standards high—partly because the national crackdown on illegal gambling resulting from the Kefauver investigations has brought plenty of unemployed dealers to Las Vegas, partly because the legality of the Las Vegas industry has made it extremely attractive to dealers with families.

"The dealers know gambling is legit out here, and they want to live legit for a change," says Frankie Soskin. "Take me, for instance. I've got three kids, two now in high school. Back East, they never knew what I did for a living. Now they can say I work at the Desert Inn, and not even the teacher will treat them any different."

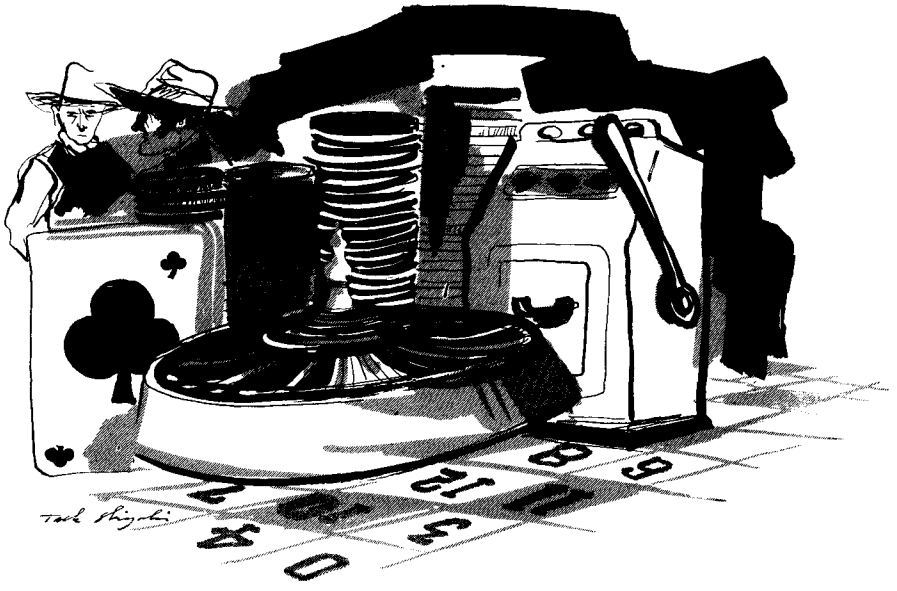
"Why, you can even get a charge account at a department store by saying you're a dealer at the Desert Inn!" marvels Marty Kutzen.

The qualifications of a dealer seeking a job can be ascertained both rapidly and accurately. "No matter where he's from," Frankie Soskin points out, "somebody around here will know the people he's clerked for last; we just call long distance and check him out. And then the sheriff's office fingerprints him and checks his record before issuing him a work card."

THE ATTRACTIVE legality of the Las Vegas gambling industry has also kept casino wages lower than otherwise might be expected, although tips from winning patrons may total twenty dollars or more per dealer on a good night. In general, dealers get twenty dollars a day and box men and pit bosses thirty-five, while casino managers work for a salary plus a percentage of the gross win.

The only notable exception to these standards is Benny Binion's Horseshoe Club. Binion, who initiated the boost in dealers' wages from fifteen to twenty dollars a day when he first came to Las Vegas from Texas in 1947, has since raised his pit bosses to forty-five dollars a day and his dealers to twenty-five dollars, a display of generosity that has not been appreciated by other Las Vegas casino managers.

In the matter of betting limits, as in that of wages, Binion refuses to conform. Except for the Horseshoe Club, maximum limits are now standardized at twenty-five dollars on a roulette number, five hundred dollars on roulette red or black, two hundred dollars on "21," and five hundred dollars on craps. Some casinos allow higher bets on craps but only if the player will pay five per cent commission on any amount over five hundred dollars. Binion, however, insists upon taking any bet that he likes the looks of. One result is that his is the only downtown club which, like the Strip casinos, makes the largest share of its gross from crap tables instead of from slot machines. Another result, of course, is additional industry-wide resentment of Binion's tactics.



Daubers and Dicers

But even Binion is less of a headache to Las Vegas casino managers than the problem of cheating. Casino managers, knowing that widespread rumors of house dishonesty could ruin business overnight, exercise the utmost care, and occasionally even order a vociferous customer paid off even when they are sure he is wrong.

"Actually, ninety per cent of the cheating in Las Vegas is by customers, not employees," says Billy Williams of the Desert Inn. Other casino managers agree, adding that every dealer they've ever caught cheating has been working for himself, not for the house. "If it ever got down to a choice of cheating for the customer or for the house," one manager points out, "the dealer would probably pick the customer. If his cheating helped the customer win more, the customer would probably tip higher. But all he'd get out of cheating for the house is a pink slip, and that means he'd be blackballed in every casino in Las Vegas."

The chances of an employee's cheating at roulette or craps are further limited by the fact that apron men, dealers, and box men all act as checks on each other. Only in "21" is the dealer alone at his table, and even here he is under the constant general supervision of a pit boss. Marty Kutzen, the Desert Inn pit boss, recalls that only two "21" dealers have been fired for cheating since the Inn opened. One was working with a patron who won consistently because he was tipped off on the dealer's hand. The other dishonest dealer was caught pocket-

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ing five- and twenty-five-dollar chips, a practice made profitable by the general Las Vegas business policy of accepting Desert Inn and other major casino chips as legal tender—the chips being negotiable not only at other casinos but at many Las Vegas stores.

THE PROBLEM of dishonest patrons is far more difficult. At craps, some have tried to slip in loaded dice; at roulette, a group from Chicago once got away with more than four thousand dollars before it was discovered that they were using counterfeit chips.

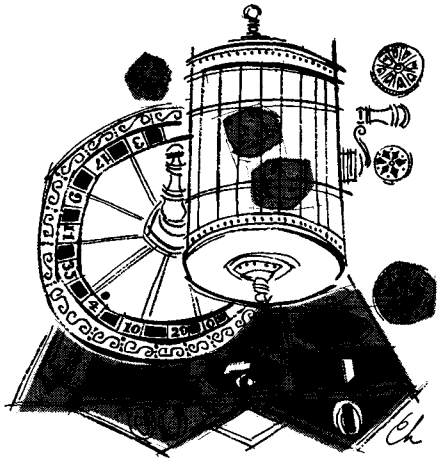
At Kutzen's own game, "21," "daubers" are the main problem. Essentially, "daubing" consists of marking the backs of cards with a dye so faintly that the dealer can't detect the mark. Many daubers secrete under their thumbnails an aluminum substance that is invisible but will catch the light as the card is flipped off the deck.

"We've got ways of stopping them, though," Kutzen says. "For one thing, any time a man bets over a hundred dollars on the first crack, the dealer is ordered to ask for a new deck before dealing out another hand. We keep shifting decks anyway."

Although Nevada laws subject any patron caught cheating to a maximum one-thousand-dollar fine, one year's imprisonment, or both, few if any casino managers will turn in cheaters they catch. "We just tell them to stay away," says Billy Williams. "You got to figure the guy is trying to make a living too. And if we're not smart enough to catch him, we don't belong in the business in the first place."

If this policy appears no more than a strange throwback to the days of illegal gambling, other industry-wide policies that seem almost as strange have strong logical bases. One such policy is that of never revealing the name of a big winner, no matter how much such publicity may help business, on the grounds that the Bureau of Internal Revenue might pick up the story, to the vast discomfiture of the winner.

Another policy even better founded in the patron's interest is that practiced by the Strip credit department, whereby a patron cashing his first check is asked to state the total maximum he wishes to cash for his stay in Las Vegas. Generally, neither drink nor the gambling fever has enveloped him at this point, and the patron lists an amount well within his means. No matter how hard the fever and drink hit him afterwards,



and no matter how hard he pleads, the house will never cash checks over the total limit the patron has set himself. "It saves a lot of heartaches," Williams says. "So far, we've had no trouble with a suicide or anything close to it."

AT PRESENT, the Las Vegas gambling industry can afford such magnanimity. As fast as new establishments are built, tourists pour in to fill the tills. The Desert Inn and the Flamingo both claim that their summer-weekend reservations are booked solid for the next four years.

In some of the more meager years the industry has engaged in fairly feverish price wars, in the course of which the house odds on some craps "propositions" were cut from eleven to 2.56 per cent, and downtown casinos began giving away nylon stockings with each slot-machine jackpot. In 1947, casino managers found themselves pushed into a craps price war involving double and even triple odds, and in which a patron was allowed to back up his initial bet (on which the house always enjoyed a percentage) with bets double or triple its size on which the house paid even money. "After six months," according to Jim Young of the Boulder Club, "everybody was getting hurt bad. Then one day two men in the Pioneer Club who had been down to forty dollars won forty thousand in three hours. That was about the end. The Strip hotels had already got together to eliminate certain practices, and the downtown people finally did the same."

Except for a return to single odds on craps, the price wars ended in stabilization of house percentages at the new lows forced by competition. The present prosperity of the Las Vegas gambling industry suggests few chances for further cuts in the near future. Benny Binion is the only casino manager now said to be toying with the idea of reimposing double odds.

The end result has been more industrial integration, both in percentage fixing and in intercasino co-operation. The Strip hotels are now organized in a Resort Hotels Association, which handles joint contribution policies and other matters of mutual financial interest.

Enlightening the Bluenoses

Integration has reached its peak in the field of public relations. Although the Resort Hotels Association does some work in this field, such as paying for the Las Vegas Rose Bowl float and sponsoring various headline-catching stunts, most of the gambling industry's publicity is handled by the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber, over half of whose $75,000 publicity fund last year was contributed by the casinos, buys all national advertising and maintains an efficient photographic staff to take pictures of pretty girls sunning themselves against every possible background in the Las Vegas vicinity.

"It's hard to keep some of the boys from knifing each other in the back over publicity," says Kenneth Frogley, a former Steve Hannagan lieutenant who now serves as Chamber manager. "And some still can't see public relations as anything more than a few big charity contributions. But they're learning.

"Our theory is never to brag about the honesty of Las Vegas gambling; we don't even want to suggest it could be otherwise," Frogley says. "As a matter of fact, we never men-

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tion gambling at all. We stress sunshine, good entertainment, and swimming. That's what gets the people we want, the bluenoses from Kansas, out here. Then when they see how open gambling is and see other bluenoses playing, they'll fall into line easy enough."

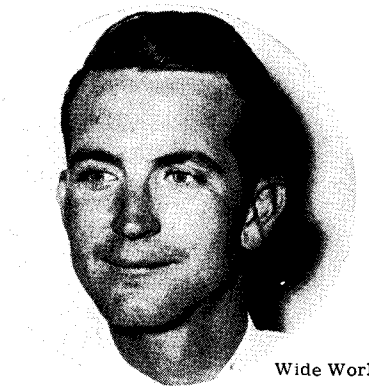
To the Las Vegas gambling industry as to the steel or oil industry, public relations includes political activity and lobbying as well as publicity programs. On the city and county level, sizable campaign contributions have been sufficient to maintain a sympathetic local government. On the state level the problem is somewhat complicated by the legislative majority from rural northern Nevada, which sees the gambling industry as the prime source of increased state tax revenues.

This spring, for example, a bill was introduced in the Nevada assembly to increase the state tax on gross winnings from two to five per cent. Soon afterward, Frogley, acting for Lieutenant Governor Jones, invited fifty-odd legislators from northern Nevada to Las Vegas for a long weekend, to investigate local problems. Practically all the lawmakers accepted the invitation, and found themselves quartered luxuriously in various Strip hotels. Several hours were spent touring Las Vegas schools and other points of civic interest, after which the legislators relaxed to enjoy a weekend of free sunshine, free drinks, free food, and free lodging. The regular evening tour included two free floor shows each night except Saturday, when there were three. An influential member of the state senate finance committee said later, "I definitely learned a lot about the problems of southern Nevada."

MEMBERS of the Federal government have also required some attention, as in 1951, when a bill in Congress proposed a ten per cent tax on all gambling devices. Lieutenant Governor Clifford Jones of the Golden Nugget, Marion Hicks of the Thunderbird, and several representatives of the Reno gambling interests descended upon the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. There they conferred with, among others, Senator Pat McCarran, an old friend.

The result of the Washington trip was a revised Congressional bill, which taxed slot machines, race books, punch boards, etc., but neglected to mention roulette, "21," and craps.

THE LAS VEGAS gambling business has thus evolved into a full-blown industry, with all the specialized problems, the complex financial structure, and all the tax, public-relations, and competitive worries of any other large industry. Whether it can be morally defended as a useful industry must be left for others to debate. This writer, having applied the gamblers' system on craps by betting on every number, taking the single odds each time, and then praying a seven wouldn't come up, and having won $590 in a forty-minute session, is in no mood to be objective—especially since the same system, at a later and only slightly longer session, cost him eight hundred dollars.



Wide World

I Battled McCarran's Machine

TOM MECHLING

PEOPLE called me "Don Quixote in a Trailer" when I started out to take the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator away from Senator Pat McCarran's Nevada political machine. Eight months later my wife and I—and the thousands of supporters we had acquired—defeated that machine in a primary election.

But in the November general election McCarran, a nominal Democrat, won a Republican victory. Beaten in the primary, he threw his support to the Republican nominee, and that, on top of the Eisenhower landslide, which swept a normally Democratic state almost 2 to 1, was too much for us. But we had proved that the people can beat a political machine.

NO CANDIDATE was ever less experienced in politics than I when I quit the Washington press corps to enter Nevada politics. I was nothing but another private citizen who had gotten mad at the way our government was being kicked around and wanted to do something about it. From my close-up view as a newsman I was disgusted that neither Nevada Senator was representing the people of Nevada—only the big gamblers, the big landowners, and the big mining interests.

No candidate in Nevada within the past decade had ever run for high office with even a hope of making a creditable showing unless he had behind him the McCarran political machine, a good deal of millionaire gambling money, and Nevadan birth. I had none of these.

My wife Margaret and I knew the obstacles before we started. We knew that in a state of such sparse population—three people to two square miles—opposition to the machine immediately made one a target of merciless political crossfire. We knew

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that we would have to take the campaign directly to the people, for the press of Nevada was almost completely machine-controlled. That was the key to the machine's strength: keeping the facts from the people.

We knew that sooner or later we would be running against McCarran himself, for he was, in effect, the candidate for every major office (and many minor ones) in Nevada.

In Washington, McCarran was in the habit of referring to Nevada as "my empire"—and not without reason.

Up with the Milkman

We conducted our campaign on our own, out of our own savings, making each campaign dollar go as far as possible. We decided to campaign in a trailer and cook our own meals. That way we could live as decently and inexpensively in the rough, isolated mining towns as in the larger communities. We were to canvass every town, large and small, street by street, house to house, knocking on virtually every door in Nevada.

We budgeted seven thousand dollars for the eight-month campaign before the primary election in September, and another three thousand dollars for the remaining two months before the general election in November—if we got that far. (The entire campaign actually cost twelve thousand dollars.)

Our door-to-door campaign started on February 1, after we had made a quick swing across the state over snowbound roads in the north to make a formal announcement of my candidacy to the newspapers and schedule a modest series of small political ads. We began the canvass of southern Nevada while waiting for the northern winter to break.

A telephone was installed in our trailer and Margaret began scheduling speaking engagements for me. Luncheon clubs, bridge clubs, garden clubs—groups that had never before been interested in politics—received calls from her asking them to hear me for just five minutes. I was willing to talk before any group, from well-attended union meetings to two tables of bridge.

The usual campaign day started about six with breakfast in the trailer. I was out after that to meet the early-morning workers — milkmen, bus drivers, and employees of other service trades. I met them on the job, introduced myself, presented my card, and answered any questions. Because I tried to answer all questions, the campaign was soon tagged the "open-book" campaign.

About nine I would begin ringing doorbells of private homes and calling on storekeepers. I kept a large street map of each town at hand and blocked out each street as I covered it.

Margaret had usually arranged one or two luncheon engagements at clubs during the noon hour. After that, back to ringing doorbells until dark. On many evenings there were dinner and speaking invitations. Afterward a heavy evening schedule began.

Margaret arranged for my appearance at different clubs and groups that were meeting at night. There were from three to six of these engagements almost every evening, a half hour to an hour apart. I made it a practice to speak for only five minutes and then answer questions. That way I got the feel of what people were thinking about and worrying about, and what they expected from Washington.

If I finished the night's schedule early, I would continue the personal campaigning until midnight throughout the downtown area, generally ending the day by having a snack with the employees in the kitchen of a restaurant.

That was the pattern of each eighteen-hour day, six days a week, for most of eight months.

I would note the name and address of every person I met and possibly what we discussed, and the next day I would send him a follow-up postcard. Margaret typed about five hundred cards a night, and our mailing list grew to over sixty thousand Nevada voters whom we had met personally. (About eighty-two thousand voted in the November election.)

In two months we had covered the Las Vegas area street by street and house to house. Then we hooked up our campaign trailer and moved north. En route we covered every house in Tonopah, a bleak mining town. The six-inch snow and the ten-degree temperature at Tonopah's six-thousand-foot altitude prompted us to work fast and move on to warmer places. But winter seemed reluctant to leave.

The day after we pulled the trailer into Reno, Margaret rushed me to the hospital for an emergency appendicitis operation. I was unable to do anything for ten days, and in the meantime she carried the whole burden of the campaign—writing press releases, making speeches, and keeping up the door-to-door canvassing. We couldn't afford to lose even a week.

So far, it was a discouraging campaign. It was hard to tell how we were doing. But here and there we had detected an undercurrent of discontent with machine rule in the state. We were beginning to receive unsigned letters of encouragement. Most names were withheld because the writers were in business and felt they could not afford to mix openly in politics—particularly if they were against the machine.

Just meeting people at their doors, I could sense this discontent. Many asked me to come back at night because they didn't want to be seen talking with me. They explained that they were unable to support me openly, but that I could be assured of help among their friends and relatives. Some asked me not to appear

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too friendly with them if we met at gatherings or on the street.

There was the little redheaded repairman who fixed our oilstove. "Forget it," he said when I tried to pay him. "That's my campaign contribution." There was the service-station owner where I left my car for a quick lubrication job. "You can't pay me," he said. "That's my bit to keep your campaign trailer rolling." There was the garage mechanic who worked until two in the morning overhauling the engine so that there would be no risk of a breakdown during our last hectic tour of the state. And in Las Vegas, in August, with the temperature 110 outside and 125 inside our metal trailer, one of the owners of the trailer court hooked an air conditioner onto our window without a word. We discovered later that it came off his own window.

How could we thank people like that? The boilermaker in the railroad shop at Sparks gave me the answer: "Just represent us little guys as well as the big shots when you get in."

Victory in September

Six weeks before the primary election, when it became apparent that this was a machine vs. anti-machine fight, the machine's orders to its newspapers were to stop ignoring and start smearing. It was then I first felt the campaign beginning to bite.

We used the radio to answer their charges. I put the "open-book" campaign on the air and answered over the radio any question phoned in. Margaret and I broadcast atop a truck parked in a busy downtown thoroughfare, first in Las Vegas and then in Reno. Margaret took the questions over special phone lines, typed them on cards, and passed them on to me.

We awaited the primary election returns alone in a motel room outside Reno. First reports showed me trailing badly, and there was no improvement during the evening. But early in the morning the tide turned. The final result was a victory over the machine by a 475-vote margin.

Suddenly our campaign was national news. Phone calls and mail from all over the country swamped us. We had no staff, no headquarters, no office to handle them.

The big question was: What would McCarran do? He had found it necessary a few days before the primary election to endorse his candidate, Alan Bible, in a long statement and radio broadcast. That was unprecedented for McCarran, whose machine generally made such nominations without fanfare or contest. But even with McCarran's full-throated backing, his man had lost.

For several days McCarran refused to talk. He hinted that he would not support me and would even cross party lines to beat me. But a few days later his representatives approached me. They brought with them his price, the price I was expected to pay for a unified party that would assure my election in November. With such support, I was an odds-on choice to win.

But the price was ridiculous for anyone who prized his independence. McCarran wanted me to clear every political decision with him, just as if I were one of his errand boys. In short, I was to help him rebuild the machine we had wrecked in the primary. With McCarran it was either rule or ruin.

At first I couldn't believe the Senator had that much gall. I suspected his spokesmen of double-talking. But repeatedly I was informed that was it—take it or leave it.

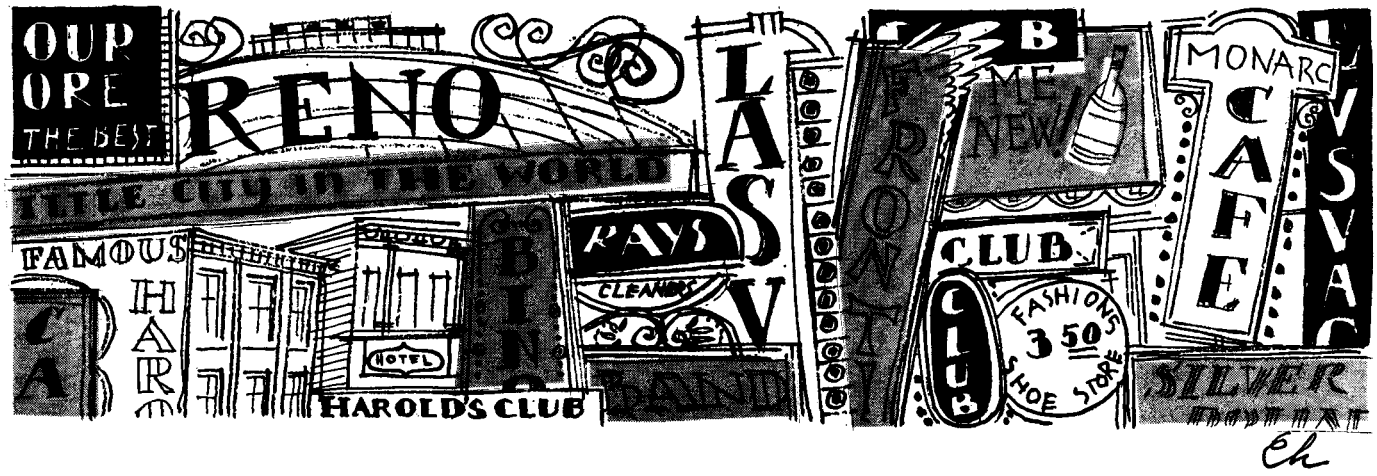
At the urging of those who felt there was some chance still left for party harmony, I made one last call on McCarran's spokesmen to see if the ridiculous price still held. It did. I told them I would have no part of it.

The Hidden Microphone

After that, McCarran went out to beat me—first furtively, then, after I had exposed him, openly.

He had quite an organization of young lawyers that he had built up throughout the years. Virtually any young Nevadan who wanted to go to law school in Washington had only to write McCarran's office and his wish was granted. All the Senator demanded from him in return was loyalty—absolute loyalty and an understanding that he would never consider running for any political office without his express permission. My unforgivable mistake was that I had never asked McCarran whether it was all right to run for United States Senator. The young lawyers were asked to work against me.

With all this activity going on against me in my own party, I felt it was high time to publicize the deal that had been offered me in return



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for McCarran's support. I decided to make it an issue in the campaign. I went to the radio to explain why McCarran was backing the Republican nominee instead of his own party's candidate.

At least this brought McCarran out in the open. He stormed back at me in a state-wide radio broadcast, calling me an "unmitigated liar" and "untrustworthy and unfit to serve in the United States Senate," and asking his friends the length and breadth of Nevada to vote against me. In many respects that was my best endorsement.

From then on his machine stopped at nothing. The press opened up with both barrels. The Reno newspapers closed their advertising columns three days before election and then proceeded to print highly biased anti-Mechling stories in the news columns. We couldn't even buy a paid political ad in reply.

My second conversation with McCarran's spokesman had been secretly recorded. That tape recording could have been played in its entirety and nothing damaging would have resulted. It would have confirmed McCarran's price for his support, which he later so vehemently denied.

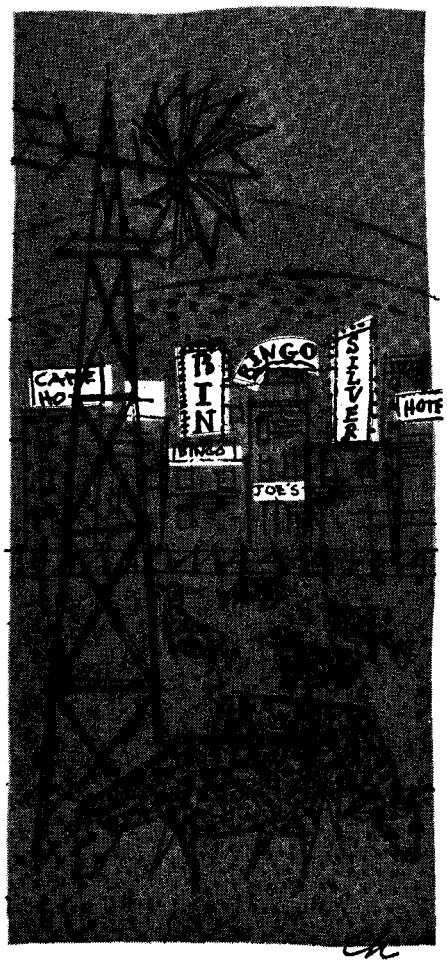
Instead the tape was carefully edited, my remarks taken out of context and completely changed around; a week before the election it was brought forward as "proof" that I had sought a deal with McCarran. The "proof" was then produced in the Reno newspapers in the form of a news story. Two reporters from those papers—the only ones allowed to hear the recording at the time—wrote their "exposés" on the basis of what they had heard. My challenge that the opposition play even the edited version of the recording over the radio was never accepted.

Aside from Hank Greenspun's Las Vegas *Sun,* Nevada newspapers are a key part of the political machine. Editors are not newspapermen; they are political propagandists. Newspapers are not designed to print news impartially and fairly; their duty is to peddle a political point of view carefully designed to protect the machine.

The editor of both noncompetitive Reno newspapers was high up in the echelons of the machine, since his *Gazette* and *Nevada State Journal* had large circulations and covered more than half the state. One of his sons was directly employed by McCarran, and the other owed his appointment as Assistant U.S. Attorney to our senior Senator.

During the final weeks of the campaign we learned that our phone was being tapped. When we had to talk about campaign plans on the phone, we would use public phones or those of friends.

Practically every letter which passed through the Reno post office from Democratic National Headquarters was opened before delivery and then stamped "Opened by Mistake." Nearly every package was broken open by "rough handling." We tried to channel our mail, whenever possible, through our small home-town post office where we knew the postmaster personally; for a while we drove to a community outside Reno to receive our mail.



All during the campaign I decried the fact that many hoodlums with criminal records and associations had been given licenses to operate as gamblers in Nevada through the largess of the controlling politicians. I took pains to make a sharp distinction between the hoodlum gamblers and those whose records were above reproach and who had always operated legitimately. But in reports of my views that distinction was purposely obscured in order to make it appear that I was against legalized gambling—a major industry in Nevada. The owners passed the word to their employees that they would lose their jobs if I were elected.

I made a special trip to see most of the operators to refute to their faces the interpretation that was being placed on my stand. They had fearful visions of "another Kefauver." But they were glad to see me, their almost uniform reaction being "Maybe we could do business."

One of the owners of a plush resort hotel in Las Vegas, who is part of the nation-wide crime syndicate and has a prison record, pleaded with me not to put him out of business. He protested that he had no interest in politics. All he wanted was to be left alone, to make the money the natural odds afforded him in the gambling business.

'Anything, Anything at All'

He insisted that he had to talk with me privately. So he pulled me into the men's room, where he took out a roll of hundred-dollar bills. He counted out fifty of them without hesitating and thrust them into my hand. He urged that I take them for my campaign fund "as a starter," and if I needed "anything, anything at all," to let him know. No one was to find out about his gift. It was all cash. And certainly the machine politicians weren't to know that he had spotted the potential winner on the other side of the street.

I thanked him but refused the money, explaining that I wasn't accepting contributions and that my personal campaign wasn't costing a great deal. Not that I was against him, I explained. I just didn't want to be obligated.

He couldn't understand. He in-

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sisted. He tried to put the roll of bills in my pocket. But when I wouldn't accept it, I lost any support he might have wanted to give. In his world of payoffs, my behavior was incomprehensible. Not being able to understand my motives, he decided I must be against him.

JUST BEFORE the November election, the machine began putting on economic pressure much more openly. The owner of a small shoestore had placed my placard in his window one day. The next day it was gone. Reason: The owner had been informed that his lease was in jeopardy because of his support of an anti-machine candidate. He had seen such things happen in Nevada enough times to induce him to remove the placard.

One of the big casino operators, whose civic background included a prison term, spent a day before election in the poorer section of Las Vegas distributing ten- and twenty-dollar bills for votes against Mechling—until photographers appeared to record the gambler's civic zeal. The county sheriff under whose jurisdiction this had taken place spent part of Election Day within an illegal radius of a polling place passing out ballots marked against Mechling.

Defeat in November

Once again we faced the tortures of an election night. But this time we were bucking a national trend as well as fighting an uphill battle within our own state. It was too much, and I lost the election for U.S. Senator from Nevada to Republican incumbent George Malone by 2,722 votes. (Governor Stevenson lost to Mr. Eisenhower by 18,814 votes.)

We had started out alone, Margaret and I. We had started out on the difficult road toward a political ideal—better and more equal representation for all the people of Nevada. We had started alone, but we did not travel that road alone. Sometimes it is difficult to see how many people are traveling on such a road. But they are there.

Of Gamblers, a Senator, And a *Sun* that Wouldn't Set

RICHARD DONOVAN and DOUGLASS CATER

WHEN Hank Greenspun, owner, editor, and front-page columnist of the Las Vegas *Sun* (daily circulation, 8,000) began his editorial campaign against Nevada's Senator Pat McCarran, people in those parts hardly believed their eyes. Then, in the spring of 1952, when he sued the Senator, his administrative assistant, and fifty-six Las Vegas gamblers and gambling houses for conspiring to drive him out of business by withholding advertising, the residents were deeply shocked. Greenspun, a relative newcomer to Nevada, was challenging two of the bedrock institutions of the state, Pat McCarran and the gambling interests. What's more, he was taking the challenge into the courts, where McCarran reputedly has considerable influence.

In February, 1953, everybody learned that the case had been settled out of court, and wire services carried McCarran's statement that he considered this "an open admission by the plaintiff that the charges which he brought against me during the recent political campaign were entirely unfounded."

However, news—even when it is not carried by wire services—travels fast in Nevada. People soon learned that there was more to the Greenspun affair than had met the eye. Hadn't McCarran's lawyers failed to get the case thrown out of court after trying every conceivable legal maneuver? Hadn't Greenspun's lawyers succeeded in putting the Senator under oath, and hadn't McCarran been forced to say a lot of things that would be pretty embarrassing next time he tried to seek votes for himself or his protégés? Finally, hadn't the settlement suddenly been rushed through, after only two days of the trial, when the Greenspun lawyers produced a mystery witness who formerly worked for Marion Hicks, manager of the Thunderbird—the man Greenspun accused in his complaint of transmitting an order from McCarran to cancel all advertising in the *Sun*?

Contrary to any open admission of making unfounded charges, the

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Rapho-Guillumette

Greenspun

plaintiff, Hank Greenspun, had won his point that there was indeed a conspiracy among the gamblers against him; he got $80,500 plus a gentlemen's agreement not to pull advertising in the future.

When you added all this up, and when you could see with your own eyes that Greenspun was going right on as two-fisted editor of the *Sun*, printing the same kind of prose about McCarran and others, then you might wonder whether McCarran had come off so well after all.

Maybe this case won't go down in judicial history as a classic victory for freedom of the press, but a little guy tackled a giant and managed to do pretty well.

Stranger from the East

All in all, it was a strange battlefield for a freedom-of-the-press fight in the first place. When Hank Greenspun arrived in Las Vegas in 1946 with an Irish wife, a child, and a little money in his pocket, the town was playing second fiddle to Reno as far as gambling and divorcing went. But a brand-new Federal highway, U.S. 91, was being built right through the middle of Las Vegas and going straight on to Los Angeles. Soon, along the highway just outside Las Vegas, a huge ultra-luxury hotel was built. Against the overwhelming handicaps of the immediate postwar era when building supplies were short, and later, after the outbreak of war in Korea, when restrictions were imposed on luxury building, hotels kept on mushrooming. It took political influence and plenty of money to get them going. No one could foretell for sure when a gambling tax might kill the whole shaky enterprise (McCarran had to fight down a national ten per cent gambling tax almost alone in 1951). Banks weren't going to loan money on such a risk basis; but, as the Kefauver hearings revealed, there was no lack of racketeer money.

By 1952, there were five of these hotels on the Strip (of U.S. 91 outside of town). Together with the older "downtown" clubs, they had put Las Vegas well ahead of Reno as the entertainment capital of Nevada.

Hank Greenspun was no Eastern softie when he arrived in this boom town. As one of a poor Zionist-minded family in New Haven and New York, he had had to scramble for food, education, and status. He had earned a law degree and passed the New York bar examination through sheer staying power. During five years in the Army, he had risen from private to major in Ordnance, enduring the long haul across France after Patton's tanks and the weeks in the freezing mud of the Ardennes in the Battle of the Bulge.

The man who turned up in Las Vegas was a breezy, grinning fellow, about the size of a light-heavyweight, with deep-set, rather cold blue eyes in a craggy face—a typical hustler and as industrious a hand pumper as any man in town. In no time at all, he was on a first-name basis with most of the gamblers. As a matter of fact, they helped support an unsuccessful night-life magazine he started. He had a few thousand dollars, $6,666 of which he used to buy one per cent of the new Desert Inn gambling hotel, thus making himself one of the fraternity he was later to sue. He did publicity work for a couple of the casinos. Nobody saw anything remarkable about him until one day in 1948 when a plane chartered by the Israeli government flew into town and picked him up. The next Las Vegas heard, he was a Zionist hero and a national problem.

If Greenspun's adventures in behalf of warring Israel were filmed, small boys would find them improbable. He was a major rustler of war matériel for the Haganah. With contributions sent him from all over the world, he bought planes, guns, and ammunition anywhere he could find them. His salary was $50 a month, which he sent home to Las Vegas, but he had an expense account in a Mexican bank. He once wrote a check for a million dollars, but when his job was done he had to borrow a hundred dollars from his wife to get home.

For months he bribed, threatened, and manhandled officials in Mexico and elsewhere to help keep Israel's war going; he grew expert at eluding police and enemy agents.

In one crisis of several, he forced the owner of the yacht *Idilia*, which he had badly overloaded with arms, to sail from Los Angeles for Acapulco, Mexico.

Las Vegas heard about all this in

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1949, when Greenspun was indicted in Los Angeles for buying warplanes for a foreign power in violation of the Neutrality Act. He was acquitted. In 1950 he was indicted on testimony of the yacht skipper for running guns to Israel. This time, he pleaded guilty, was fined $10,000, which friends of Israel paid, and lost his right to vote. Interestingly, McCarran now claims that he interceded with the Department of Justice to keep Greenspun from being given a prison sentence.

Printer's Ink and Green Baize

Also in 1950, Greenspun paid the International Typographical Union $1,000 down for a failing newspaper, named it the *Sun*, and ran an account of his conviction on page 1. As a newspaperman, he began to pry more actively into various civic shortcomings, such as the plight of people in Las Vegas's Negro shanty town, and to write with hair-raising candor about local gamblers, city and state officials, Nevada's ruling businessmen, and even national personages. Readers found his style as well as his subject matter exhilarating, for he fired away at his targets uninhibitedly. ("Filthy rabble rouser," "crawling and sniveling jackals," "whiskey-sodden despoiler of American journalism," and "old buzzard . . . bordering on the fringe of senility" are among the phrases he has used on his opponents.)

Greenspun rarely conformed to any traditional patterns of political philosophy. He was rather a sort of Robin Hood of the gambling community, attacking the wealthy and corrupt and taking up for the underdogs who were sometimes equally corrupt. Those who have sought to restrain him by fear or by favor have met with little success.

Greenspun came more and more, too, to attack the senior Senator from Nevada, whose influence throughout the state and nation, as he saw it, was not in the public good. As usual, he minced no words. He searched the Kefauver hearings for anti-McCarran material. Twice during March, 1952, Greenspun adverted to them to press his point against McCarran. And he soon became aware that his attack was hitting home.

According to Greenspun's subse-

quent testimony at the preliminary hearings of the suit, he had words on March 20 with Gus Greenbaum, of the Flamingo gambling hotel, in which the late Bugsy Siegel had held an interest, and Benny Binion of the downtown Horseshoe Club. "You'll ruin us," Greenbaum is supposed to have stated, ". . . by attacking the Senator." Then, Greenspun said Greenbaum added, "I like your paper, want to support it, but I am afraid you have gone just too far this time. They are driving us crazy from Washington." Whereupon Binion is supposed to have interjected plaintively, "Gus, I got on my knees and pleaded with him [Greenspun] not to do it; he just won't listen to me; he is ironheaded." Greenbaum has since denied making these statements. Binion never appeared on the witness stand.

But whatever the authenticity of the conversation, the onrush of events gave it a certain credibility. Four days later, on the morning of March 24, the phone began to ring at frequent intervals on the desk of Norman White, the advertising manager for the *Sun*. Each time, according to White, the message was almost identical. The first call, at 9:15, was from Al Brandis, advertising manager and show producer for the Thunderbird: "Cancel all our advertising effective today." Then Archie Loveland of the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, a few minutes later, "Cancel . . ."

And so they came, according to White, with a monotonous regularity from the Hotel Last Frontier and Last Frontier Village, the Hotel Flamingo, the Monte Carlo Club, the Golden Nugget, and on down the list. By the time the last of the calls had come in, the *Sun* had lost an estimated thirty per cent of its total display advertising revenue.

One of the calls, according to White, had varied interestingly from the pattern of abrupt cancellation. The advertising manager of the Desert Inn had paused to commiserate: "Isn't it terrible; it's a shame. I have a big new show. The artist has already prepared copy for it. I have already approved it. We are opening the show next Tuesday and now I can't run the ad."

Press Freedom and the Bill

Greenspun did not wait long to find out what was going on. By eleven that morning, he had found Moe Dalitz of the Desert Inn out on the golf course. "What is behind it, Moe?" asked Greenspun. The transcript of the hearings gives Greenspun's version of the ensuing conversation: "He said, 'Why did you have to attack the old man? I said, 'What business is that of the hotel? I can discuss any political figure . . . if I want to.' He said, 'I know, but you put us in a terrible position. . . . You know as well as I do that we have to do what he tells us. . . . You know he got us our licenses. . . . If we don't go along, you know what is going to happen to us. . . .'"

When Dalitz took the stand, he denied sentence by sentence having made any of these statements. But the story he and the other gamblers told, that this sudden collective decision to cancel advertising in midmonth was based on economy reasons, sounded even less plausible; so implausible, in fact, that C. D. Baker, the Mayor of Las Vegas, called a meeting in his office on March 26 to get to the bottom of it. To this meeting along with Greenspun came Fred Soly and Jake Houssels, two of the gamblers, and Cliff Jones of the Thunderbird, also Lieutenant Governor.

The mayor wanted to know wheth-

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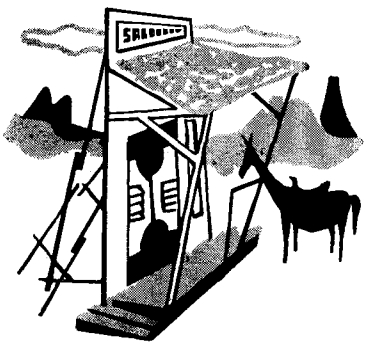
er the mass cancellation of advertising was due to pressure from Washington. According to Greenspun, Jones spoke up to say he understood it was for economic reasons, whereupon Soly interrupted and said, "No, sure, it was McCarran." Soly later denied making this statement but the mayor testified under oath at the preliminary hearings: "So far as pressure from Washington, he [Soly] admitted it. . . . So far as the economy angle, he said that wasn't the case." The mayor also recalled that Soly told of a meeting among the downtown and Strip hotel gamblers at which a telephone call from Washington was discussed. It was at this meeting that the decision to cancel the advertising in the *Sun* was reached.

Greenspun had had freedom of the press; now he had the bill. He was thought to have two moves left: He could promise the people who had been upset by his handling of the Senator to ease up, or he could retire from local journalism.

The Pre-Trial Hearing

In April, 1952, the people of Las Vegas learned just how crusading the *Sun* and its editor really were. Greenspun publicly accused McCarran of having sent word to Marion Hicks, part owner of the Thunderbird, to order the gamblers to stop advertising in the *Sun*. He followed up his accusation with a $225,000 damage suit charging a boycott conspiracy.

The very fact that a challenge had at last been offered the Senator stirred excitement in Nevada. Almost as soon as the news was out, Greenspun began to get trial contributions in small amounts, not more than $600 in all, from around the state. More important, Las Vegas



merchants began to increase their display advertising to make up, and more than make up, for the lost gambling ads. By May 16, when a pre-trial hearing began in Las Vegas's Federal Court to determine whether or not a boycott conspiracy had existed, and thus whether or not the case should come to trial, odds on McCarran had fallen a few points from their high of 20 to 1.

The hearing lowered the odds on the Senator a few points more. Judge Roger T. Foley, a McCarran-backed appointee, made it clear at the outset that he was nobody's stooge.

But the judge was a hard man on hearsay, as Greenspun found out when he took the stand and with the help of his principal attorney, William A. Roberts of Washington, D. C., kept trying to work around to his main thesis. This was that a telephone call from Senator McCarran in Washington to Marion Hicks of the Thunderbird, a man widely believed to be the Senator's spokesman among the gamblers, had caused the ads to be canceled. Every time Greenspun verged on this theme, the defense lawyers called it hearsay and were sustained.

Greenspun described the warnings he got from Gus Greenbaum and Benny Binion, mimicking Binion's plaintive tone in a way that set the courtroom whispering, shuffling, and grinning worriedly. He told about what Fred Soly had said at the meeting in the mayor's office, and he quoted Lieutenant Governor Jones as saying to him, "I have never told you this before, maybe I should not be telling it to you now, but you are destroying everything we have tried to create here in the last twenty years."

THE GAMBLERS were caught between a newspaper and a politician, a position they dreaded. Although they ranked among the state's most influential citizens, they could never feel sure that the people would not vote them and their business out the next week. So they feared the hostility of a 8,000-circulation newspaper.

Their fear of the politician was much easier to understand. If the gamblers were to anger the politician in some way, the Nevada Tax Commission could always cancel gambling licenses here and there; Internal Revenue agents in the state could investigate their income-tax returns; the FBI might decide to look at a few police records; the Immigration and Naturalization authorities might even question some whose citizenship rested on shaky foundations. Or so the gamblers feared.

Greenspun, a gifted witness, suggested an atmosphere of fear every time he mentioned the Senator, but he never got off an unchallenged statement about the supposed "boycott" telephone call from Washington. Mayor Baker managed to do it, however, in testimony a short time later. It may have been this that caused Judge Foley to rule when the hearings were completed that a boycott conspiracy had indeed existed, and to grant an injunction forcing the gamblers to resume advertising until the case should come to trial. In this preliminary ruling he did not include McCarran in the conspiracy but neither did he dismiss the charges against the Senator.

'We Are Watching . . .'

Greenspun's victory in the hearing focused the attention of much of the state on him, and raised some dazzling speculation. Greenspun already had established further legal precedent against coercive advertiser practices toward newspapers in and outside Nevada. If he won the suit, he might himself become a political force, a rallying point for all those who hated McCarran. If Greenspun won, McCarran could be subjected to criminal prosecution and even (this was stretching fantasy) be retired from the Senate.

After the hearing, Greenspun made several speeches around the country in behalf of freedom of the press in general and of the *Sun* in particular. He said that his was a

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test case of vital importance to private citizens as well as fellow publishers, and called for supporting contributions to help meet staggering legal fees. But the speeches got few results. A Greenspun letter asking help from the American Newspaper Publishers Association brought the reply: "We are watching your case with interest." The press associations and big newspapers and news magazines apparently did not feel that their futures were linked with Greenspun's, because most of them ran only small, carefully pruned news items about the case. In Las Vegas, the merchants still strained their ad budgets to meet the *Sun's* deficit, but all Greenspun could get from outside contributors was $1,000. Little by little, it dawned on him that the molders of American opinion, the publishers who had seen the gravest threat to freedom of the press when Juan Perón silenced *La Prensa* in Argentina, saw no threat in Nevada.

DURING the summer, politics took up part of Greenspun's attention. As a lifelong Republican, he came out for Eisenhower (he switched to Stevenson in late October). He would not support Malone, the Republican incumbent up for re-election, because he considered him incompetent, and therefore supported Tom Mechling. With characteristic directness, he wrote his thoughts on the political scene, adding a few extra thoughts about the Nevada Senator who was not up for re-election.

He also found time to do something about the counterattack being waged against him. In the East, Westbrook Pegler charged that Greenspun was an ex-convict. His conviction and suspended sentence for shipping arms to Israel, of course, were no news in Nevada. Nevertheless, Pegler kept up such a systematic attack in the following months that Judge Foley later during the trial was obliged to instruct the jurors not to read his column.

Then Senator Joseph McCarthy arrived in Nevada with a collection of half-truths and a state-wide broadcast in which to distribute them. He reported that Greenspun had been court-martialed as an officer. Greenspun's rebuttal was that while convalescing in England from a case of trench foot contracted during the Battle of the Bulge, he had gone A.W.O.L. for twenty-four hours to see his wife, for which he was fined $25.

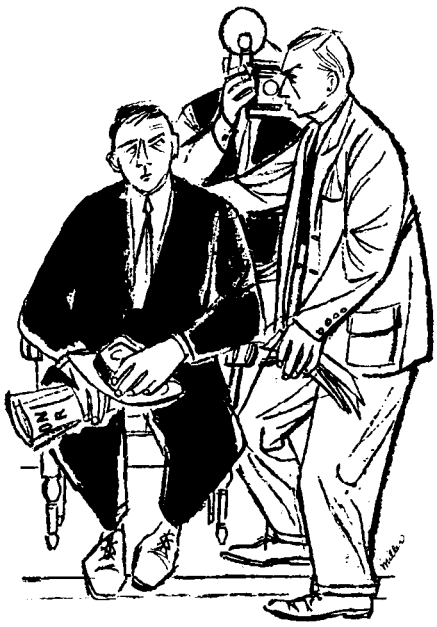
McCarthy was halfway through his broadcast when an enraged Greenspun rushed onto the platform, seized the microphone, and used twenty-seven minutes to deliver a diatribe against McCarthy such as few people have ever heard. McCarthy had left the hall as Greenspun began to speak.

The Questioning of McCarran

Senator McCarran began to show signs of nervousness. He decided that his law partner in Nevada, Richard Blakey, wasn't big enough to handle the case and retained William Leahy of Washington, D. C., a nationally prominent trial lawyer. Leahy promptly filed a motion for summary judgment which the lawyers argued before Judge Foley in October. The judge ruled that he would defer ruling until McCarran's deposition could be taken.

This was another blow to the old man. In late December, he was obliged to go to Leahy's Washington law offices and swear to tell the whole truth, and submit to examination by Greenspun's lawyers.

McCarran bore up moderately well, considering everything. No, he claimed, there was no basis whatsoever for believing he would conspire against Greenspun. "I never had any animosity toward Mr. Greenspun," said McCarran flatly. "If I had, I wouldn't have kept him out of the penitentiary" (an interesting insight into McCarran's concept of McCarran's power). "If you . . . attribute antagonism or animosity because a man is criticized or reviled . . . you are very much mistaken. We have to take those things."



According to McCarran, Greenspun's lawyers were also mistaken about his political influence. "I have no control of Democratic organizations in the State of Nevada," he maintained steadfastly. Nor was he, he said, on close and friendly terms with key political personages back home, even some commonly believed to be his political managers.

There were times, however, when McCarran had to concede that he wasn't as far removed from affairs in Nevada as he liked to make out. He agreed that he had seen quite a lot of Marion Hicks of the Thunderbird, when Greenspun's lawyers asked if he hadn't accepted Hicks's hospitality rather consistently over the past few years. The reporters covering the deposition began to take notes furiously when McCarran admitted that he didn't pick up the bill when he stopped at the Strip hotels. Nor had he paid when he used hotel space for his campaign headquarters.

The reporters also noted the ten strike scored by Greenspun's lawyers when they chanced to ask if McCarran had interceded in 1950 with Charles Oliphant of the Bureau of Internal Revenue in connection with some tax difficulties of two gamblers, Moe Sedway and Gus Greenbaum. Oliphant had more recently quit the Bureau, and it was gossip around town that at least one newspaper columnist had had a look at his confidential diary. The Senator seemed to lose his air of certainty. Yes, he thought he had taken up some matters of this sort with Oliphant. But, he added, he was no intimate of Moe Sedway—wouldn't even know him if someone were to say "This is Mr. Sedway." Of course, if McCarran had any serious doubt as to Sedway's identity, he could have asked Senator Tobey of the Kefauver

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Committee, who after reviewing Sedway's long career in crime had asked him some pointed questions and led Sedway to retort plaintively, "Senator, you see what it got for me, three coronaries and ulcers."

All in all, the deposition didn't help McCarran a bit with the people out in Nevada. They saw him thrown on the defensive for once, denying familiarity with persons widely assumed to be part of his political dynasty. Furthermore, after reviewing the deposition and hearing more oral argument from the lawyers, Judge Foley dismissed the motion for summary judgment, ruling that McCarran would have to go to trial along with the other defendants.

The Trial

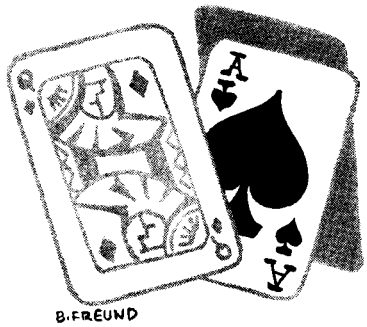
An attempt at settlement had been tried when the suit came to trial on February 4, 1953. Two days earlier, the gamblers' lawyers had called in Greenspun's lawyers and asked the minimum basis. It was $75,000 for Greenspun, $36,000 for lawyers' fees, plus a three-year advertising contract. Later that same day, the minimum was reduced to $86,000 total plus a written promise from the gamblers to continue "present advertising policies." The gamblers' lawyers rejected it.

The trial began unsensationally. Greenspun's lawyers put Norm White, the advertising manager, on the stand and tried for the better part of two days to get the basic facts as he knew them into the record. But one of the trial lawyers for the gamblers, a man with the appropriate surname of Ironsides, was on his feet at every turn, shouting objections. The harassed judge found it necessary to resort frequently to conferences in chambers before ruling on these objections. It began to look as though the trial would drag out for the rest of the year.

Two events of importance occurred during the succeeding days. The first was the ascent to the witness stand on Friday, February 6, of Charlotte Furer, a surprise witness for the plaintiff. The second was the arrival by train that weekend of McCarran's lawyer, William Leahy, an elderly gentleman who refused to use an airplane even if it meant being late for the trial of Nevada's senior Senator. Questioning by the lawyers led quickly to the reason for Miss Furer's being there. She had, she said, worked at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas from October, 1951, to June, 1952; she was assistant to Patricia Faust, who was executive secretary to Marion Hicks; she had worked with Miss Faust in an anteroom to Mr. Hicks's office; all telephone calls for Mr. Hicks were referred by the switchboard to Miss Faust's desk. Then came the important question: Were telephone calls intended for Mr. Hicks received from Washington, D. C., during any part of the week of March 16, 1952? A lawyer for the gamblers was on his feet instantly, claiming hearsay. Judge Foley overruled the objection, then adjourned over the weekend.

Monday, the judge announced that a juror's father had died and postponed the trial to Thursday. On Wednesday, McCarran's lawyer, William Leahy, dropped by the hotel room of Warren Woods, one of Greenspun's attorneys, and found he was out but later encountered him on the street. Leahy said that it should be possible to work out a settlement and asked confidentially for Greenspun's terms of settlement. Woods said he thought $75,000 cash might be agreeable, and Leahy asked him if he would be willing to discuss the matter with Art Ham, Sr., one of the principal gamblers and also a lawyer for some of the defendants. Later, Leahy called on William Roberts, Greenspun's senior lawyer, and discussed settlement terms further. Roberts reported afterward that he insisted on an $86,000 settlement, and that Leahy replied that he thought the additional $11,000 would not stand in the way.

By Thursday, the process of settlement was in full swing, and Judge



Foley postponed the trial another twenty-four hours. The gamblers, through their lawyers, agreed to meet a compromise figure of $80,500 and to enter a gentlemen's understanding that Greenspun's editorial policy was not to be altered in any way. A separate set of papers was signed by McCarran's lawyers. These did not refer to any payment but stated in effect that by agreement among counsel the suit was withdrawn and would not be renewed. Leahy urged that words be added stipulating that Greenspun was at fault in tying McCarran into the boycott. Greenspun's lawyers refused and the matter was dropped.

At 11:30 on Friday morning the papers of settlement were presented to Judge Foley, who promptly dismissed the case. One of the gentlemen's agreements had been that neither side would publicize the terms of settlement.

By LATE the following afternoon Greenspun's lawyers considered that the spirit of this agreement had been broken by McCarran's announcement that he considered the settlement an admission by Greenspun that his charges were unfounded. What particularly mystified them was the part of McCarran's statement that read: "I did not participate in negotiations for settlement nor did any attorney representing me."

McCarran said that he was in Washington when the case was settled. Of course, nobody disputed that. Indeed, because he stayed in Washington he was obliged to cancel his scheduled speech that evening before a meeting of the National Association of Compensation and Claims Lawyers in Reno. His subject was to have been "Recollections of Famous Nevada Jury Trials."

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CHANNELS:

Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

M. MANNES: *(On entering the apartment of an egghead)* So you finally succumbed!

EGGHEAD: *(Sheepishly)* Yes – the Conventions did it.

M. M.: I notice you don't keep it in the living room.

E. H.: Good heavens, no. Death to conversation. There it sits, waiting—a blind-eyed presence. I keep it in the study so that looking at it is a voluntary, not an automatic, thing.

M. M.: How much *do* you look at it?

E. H.: Very little—maybe twice a week—a couple of shows on Sunday.

M. M.: What makes you turn it on on those occasions?

E. H.: *(After a thoughtful pause)* Well, there are about three or four shows that I make a specific point of seeing, like "See It Now" or "You Are There" or "Meet the Press"—you know, that kind of thing. Or a whole play like *Hamlet* or an opera.

M. M.: Those are the Sunday ones. What about all the weekday nights?

E. H.: I only turn it on then if we happen to be home without friends and too tired to read—or not music-minded.

M. M.: In other words, if you have nothing better to do.

E. H.: Exactly. That's the funny thing about TV as it now stands—it's only a substitute, a sort of hole filler. We lead such a full life that there is little time to be filled. *(Pause)* When people are at the house and the conversation is good, I would never think of turning it on . . . except under rare circumstances.

M. M.: Such as?

E. H.: Well, such as "Author Meets the Critics," for instance. That's a stimulating and literate show productive of *more* conversation. The only other times I can think of would be a speech by some very important figure.

M. M.: Don't you and your friends ever turn it on just for entertainment?

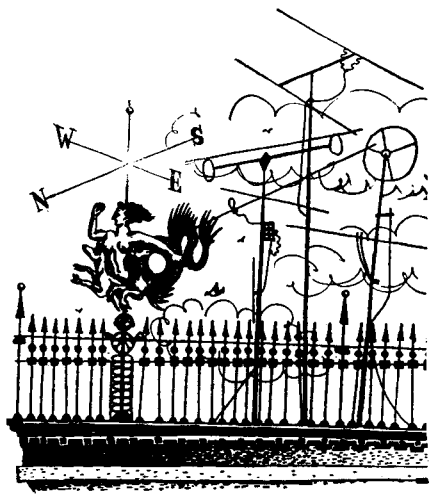
E. H.: But friends *are* entertainment. If I really crave entertainment with a capital "E," I'd rather go to a play or a movie. Most plays and movies on TV are either so slight or so poor or so abortive that they are not worth looking at.

M. M.: They are to over twenty million families.

E. H.: I think you would find that the people who get most out of TV are those who probably get least out of life.

M. M.: Isn't that a bit drastic?

E. H.: I don't think so. If your life is full of interests—work you enjoy, people you love, music, theater, books, gardening—there just isn't time for TV. Why, even the shows I make a point of catching—when the time comes around and I happen to be talking to somebody or absorbed in reading something or even polishing shoes, damned if I don't just forget and miss them!



M. M.: About those Sunday shows that you try to see: Would you miss a cocktail party or a dinner—or a day in the country—to see them?

E. H.: No, I would not.

M. M.: But you say they are good and worthwhile.

E. H.: Yes, but they are still synthetic—and I still prefer reality to synthesis.

M. M.: Hasn't TV become a part of real life?

E. H.: *(Smiling)* You may have me there. I suppose TV has become a part of life, and I suppose I own a set solely because of that.

M. M.: Aren't you doubling on your tracks?

E. H.: I don't think so. Any medium of mass communication as powerful as TV is of necessity a part of life, and I have no patience with people who ignore it or say "Wouldn't have one in my house for a million bucks!" If you do *not* have one in your house you miss certain things—few as they may now be—that you can get nowhere else, things that may have a profound influence on our national thought and behavior.

M. M.: Yet TV remains a very unimportant part of *your* life.

E. H.: Yes—but that may not always be so. For one thing, it will be forced to improve, bit by bit. For another, the day may come when we may have to *pay* in order to see the kinds of shows we want.

M. M.: We?

E. H.: All right, all right, call us what you want—eggheads, snobs, intellectuals—we're used to it. But I have a feeling that if I knew a certain excellent show was coming on which I could see—without commercials, mind you—only by putting a quarter in a slot—well, I would certainly put a quarter in the slot and stay home to see it.

M. M.: That's the voluntary viewing, the element of personal choice, isn't it?

E. H.: Yes. You have to pay for what you get. And the price of the set is only part of it. *(Looking suddenly at his watch)* Damn!

M. M.: What's the matter?

E. H.: Oh, well, never mind. I wanted to catch that Marciano fight, but it's too late now.

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Hollywood's Defense in Depth

ARTHUR KNIGHT

As is traditional after the first wondrous éclat of a new invention, Cinerama's triumph was soon followed by revelations that there had been a great many other achievements in film depth that Cinerama had barely beaten to the wire. Hard upon its debut came news that there were also Natural Vision, Stereo-Techniques, and others, all embodying 3-D. The thwarted pioneers behind these developments all pointed out that Cinerama wasn't "true" 3-D, and that the public would do well to hold its breath—and its purse—for the real thing. The one handicap of these others, vis-à-vis Cinerama, was that their processes required the spectator to wear polarized glasses, while all a Cinerama viewer needed was a pair of eyes and a ticket.

The exciting thing about Cinerama is the sense it gives of "audience participation." The roller-coaster sequence is already famous. For a few frenzied moments the spectator feels himself to be actually in the front car of an amusement-park scenic railway, dashing down the steep inclines, racketing around the banked curves, climbing again to the next nerve-numbing drop. Some have even become slightly airsick viewing the cross-country plane trip that serves as Cinerama's grand finale.

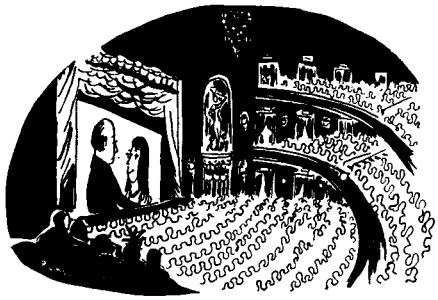
Cinerama was followed into New York by Natural Vision's "Bwana Devil." "Natural" in this case means "polarized glasses." Spectators at "Bwana Devil"—those who kept their glasses on—instinctively ducked as an aborigine hurled, or seemed to hurl, his spear directly at them. On top of "Bwana Devil" came Columbia's "Man in the Dark," also shot on the Natural Vision Cameras, and featuring "the new Mono-color"—sepia. Its illusionary tricks include forceps that probe at the spectator's brain and a repulsive spider that seems to swing right out into the viewer's eye. At one point the hero himself plunges off a roller coaster straight into the laps of the customers. "Man in the Dark" hurls just about everything at its audiences except an acceptable story. But such considerations haven't bothered Hollywood. There is also "House of Wax," which achieves its heights of artistry by bouncing Ping-pong balls at the audience and backing the operating end of a cancan dancer into the lens. The panic is on!

Paramount is already shooting a film on its own 3-D system (called, appropriately enough, Paravision), while R.K.O. has rushed into the act by contracting for a new type of camera, the creation of the veteran stereo inventor John A. Norling. R.K.O. closed the deal without even waiting to decide how the camera could be used. All these techniques require the viewer to wear special glasses.

CinemaScope

But lurking in the wings is yet another process, the announcement of which has rocked the industry. Its name was sensibly changed from Anamorphoscope to CinemaScope by its sponsors, Twentieth Century-Fox, who claim that the device will not only eliminate the need for glasses but can approximate the effects of Cinerama with far less drastic changeovers in equipment and house seating plans. Already the press and potential exhibitors have been permitted a peep at a portion of Fox's first CinemaScoped spectacle, the Biblical best-seller "The Robe," as well as another film featuring the obviously congenial talents of Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall. Following a series of private demonstrations for industry executives, the company boldly announced that *all* its "production output forthwith" would be concentrated in the 3-D field.

So the battle has already been joined between the proponents of true stereoscopic photography—with glasses—and those who hold that the illusion of depth provided by Cinerama, and presumably CinemaScope, should be enough to satisfy anyone. In the middle, understandably bewildered by the press barrage of claims and counterclaims, stand theater owners and public.



Fundamentally, the theory of stereo vision—seeing "in the round"—is not difficult to grasp. Its basis is the physical fact that each of our two eyes views an object from a slightly different angle, an angle determined by the distance from pupil to pupil. When these two separate images fuse in the brain, an impression of depth is created.

Soon after the art of photography had been discovered, in the first half of the nineteenth century, these same principles of stereoscopics were put to practical application in the stereopticon. Today, with the advent of color stereo transparencies, one of our grandparents' most popular diversions has almost regained its former eminence.

In the film versions of this process, such as Natural Vision and Stereo-Techniques, the two images are projected simultaneously upon a single screen instead of appearing side by side as in the photographic stereoscopes. Separation is achieved through the polarized glasses distributed to

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the audience, the lens for each eye polarized to pick up only one of the two images on the screen.

Cinerama, on the other hand, raises its version of reality upon a completely different foundation. Fred Waller, who invented the process, worked from a theory based upon his own observation that true depth perception operates over a relatively limited area, the twenty feet or so directly in front of the observer, while the *impression* of depth beyond that is created by the brain from scores of familiar hints and visual clues.

With Cinerama he has sought to capture on film virtually all that the eye can normally see in just about the same way that the eye sees it—as a great curving field approximately 165 degrees wide and 60 degrees high. To cover this vast area, Waller some fifteen years ago developed a camera with no less than eleven lenses, each shooting one segment of the entire scene. To show the film required eleven precisely synchronized projectors. Although this was commercially impractical, the effect convinced Waller that he was on the right track. By the time the war came along, he had cut the number of lenses down to five. The improved camera was used extensively by the Air Force.

Today, the Cinerama camera has been simplified still further, operating now with only three wide-angle lenses; but it still requires three separate projectors. The Cinerama people hope that before long they can project all three pictures from a single source, thus removing their biggest handicap.

Lenses, Screens, and Steam

Anamorphoscope, or CinemaScope, using very much the same approach to depth as Cinerama, has already solved the multiple-projector problem by cramming the entire field into a single frame of 35-mm. film. A special distorting lens on the camera, the invention of French physicist Dr. Henri Chrétien, squeezes the "information," the picture detail, both laterally and horizontally; a compensating lens on the projector returns these details to normal when the film is blown up on the elongated, slightly curving CinemaScope screen.

CinemaScope is, in effect, the poor man's Cinerama. Neither definition nor illumination is as clear and sharp as that provided by Cinerama's three projectors; nor, except in its more panoramic moments, does it approach the Cineramic depth illusion. But it has one advantage—its lesser cost. Not long ago the Fox people revealed that they had already received over two thousand applications for the equipment, with hundreds more coming in every week. The final test, however, will come this fall, when the public sees "The Robe" for the first time.

WHILE Cinerama and CinemaScope, Natural Vision, and Stereo-Techniques are the brightest constellations in the 3-D firmament today, they are not by any means the only methods through which a 3-D effect can be obtained. The indefatigable Russians, for example, have had a stereo theater in frequent operation in Moscow since 1941. The invention of S. M. Ivanov (denounced officially as a "faker and publicity seeker" a few months after the *première* of his process), the system involves two projectors but no glasses. Instead, a special screen made up of thousands of small fluted lenses set at angles to each other divides the two images in such a way that one eye receives only the picture from the right-hand projector, the other only from the left. Observers have reported that Ivanov's system works fairly well—except for the economic fact that the audience is limited to about fifty people, who must sit rigidly in their seats throughout the entire performance.

A French system, still only in the experimental stages, revolves a conical grille in front of a normal screen. The images from two projectors are formed into a single solid picture upon the grille—but again, only for the relatively few spectators who can be seated in just the proper positions. Several years ago a Long Island inventor came up with still another solution. It was his ingenious idea to project ordinary movies onto a large glass cube filled with live steam. The dense vapor admitted light rays to different degrees, giving real depth to the flat pictures. Unfortunately, he has yet to find a showman who will permit a cube of live steam on the stage of his auditorium.

Then and Now

There is a curious and perhaps significant parallel between the reactions of today's 3-D audiences and what took place during the showings of that newfangled invention, the moving picture, back in 1896. Seated in their primitive movie houses, those first audiences completely accepted as reality the bits of life in motion they saw. Not until the advent of sound, some thirty years later, did audiences display the slightest yearning for a greater degree of realism on the screen. Color, yet another degree of realism, has been edging increasingly into standard motion-picture production. Few major releases appear today without some form of tinting. And now, with 3-D, the public is finding that the movies can become more marvelous still. Once again they can supply the same direct emotional thrill that created the first upsurge of popular favor for the medium.

Even though there seems to be substantial agreement at this point that 3-D is here to stay, there is a notable lack of unanimity on the question of whether it will be an era of large screens or small spectacles. Relative costs, naturally, enter importantly into these considerations. A Cinerama installation can set the theater owner back as much as $85,000; the CinemaScope unit is estimated at upward of $20,000. And they are not interchangeable; a house must be equipped with either one or the other.

The polarized processes, while they may differ in the cameras used from studio to studio, offer the distinct advantage that all types can be projected on the present theater equipment. Retooling, which is mainly a

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matter of interlocking two standard machines for simultaneous projection, can cost less than two thousand dollars—to which must be added, however, the cost of polarized glasses. At present, these come to about ten cents a pair. In mass production, it has been stated, the price would go down to about six cents, but in any case this represents a constant and considerable outlay, since in most instances the glasses are expendable.

New Techniques

Is 3-D an art? Or at least, has it the potentiality of becoming an art? Or does its synthetic super-realism completely destroy it as a medium for artistic expression? Pioneers in the field have already discovered that the technique must be markedly different from the techniques evolved for the talkies, just as talking pictures broke radically with the older silent film techniques.

Arch Oboler, in making "Bwana Devil," noted that dramatic scenes play better when they run longer, and accordingly he shot as single "takes" action that would ordinarily have been broken down into as many as a dozen camera setups. A single shot of the ballet from "Aïda" in the Cinerama presentation remains on the screen without interruption for almost eight minutes, an impossibility in two-dimensional movies—especially since the entire scene is played from a fixed camera position. But might it not have been an extraordinary effect to move the camera steadily forward until the première ballerina filled the screen in dramatic close-up? The moving camera would seem to offer great opportunities for experiment in space composition and organization.

Again, because the audience is so fully "in the picture," to quote the 3-D ads, random cutting that moves the scene arbitrarily from place to place comes as an almost physical wrench, a crude interruption in the flow of the visual. On the other hand, the excitement of the lion's leap and the African hurling his spear in "Bwana Devil" is actually augmented by the cut, by the moment of delay before we know for certain whether the rushing lion or the hurtling spear will land on us or an another character "in the picture."

Here is where the more obvious comparisons of 3-D with ordinary theater break down. Unlike any stage presentation, stereo films play directly to each member of the audience. The action seems to be pointing specifically at us, no matter whether we are in the front row of the orchestra or the last row of the balcony. Nor is the action limited to

an area that begins just beyond the footlights and ends at the farthest curtain. The stereo screen cuts a window into space through which one sees as far as the most distant horizon. At the same time, it is also a window through which the actors may step so close to us that we can almost reach out and touch them. Cinerama goes even further, removing the window and its frame completely and engulfing the audience in the action.

Each of these specifically 3-D techniques simultaneously draws the spectator toward the screen and hurls the picture from the screen directly into his nervous system. Any superficial resemblances between theater and stereo are far less significant than this remarkable heightening of the empathy that has always characterized the relationship between a film and its audience.

And yet the chief problem of artists working in the new, still imperfect 3-D medium will be to forget both film and theater. Despite affinities to both, the challenge lies in those areas as yet obscure but sensed by film makers and audiences alike—the peculiar fascination of space, the strange sensation of physiological contact with shadows, the exhilarating illusion of immediate participation in distant and exotic scenes. Here is new ground to break, with only the merest scattering of hints to go on in the several 3-D pictures made to date.

But for the present, if current productions are any true indication, it is the novelty aspects of 3-D that will be exploited to the full. For the next few months or so we can anticipate being vicariously doused with water, shot at, stabbed, and kicked from the moment we submit as spectators. Just how long all this will continue is still anybody's guess. But eventually the novelty must wear off, just as it wore off for the primitive movies, and just as it wore off for the early talkies.

3-D TV?

The studios have suddenly and enthusiastically embraced the new dimension because of the advantage they think it gives them over television. The advantage seems to be, at best, a temporary one. Already the TV technicians are assuring us that television can easily go 3-D as well, that both depth and color will eventually be available in every American parlor. At present, sitting in our parlors watching TV, there is still a safe distance between us and, say, Milton Berle. But just try to imagine that not impossible 3-D moment when Berle is hurled into the home. No hiding place down here.

Yet even if television does come to master the stereo image, there is still an inestimable advantage in the large screen of the motion-picture theater. Spectacles—not the polarized kind, but the ones that De Mille and John Ford can do so well—cry out for space. Broadway revues, the musical plays of the Messrs. Rogers and Hammerstein, grand operas, and the ballet demand the size and scope of a theatrical screen. These are potent 3-D areas in which television can never hope to compete, areas in which the motion picture can make a unique contribution. In relation to this advantage, the film companies' present advantage of time seems relatively unimportant.

Today 3-D is a shot in the arm, a much-needed restorative for the entire motion-picture industry. But its future lies with those artists yet to come—the stereo Griffiths and Chaplins and Cocteaus—who can transform it from a popular novelty into an expressive new medium.

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Duty, Honor, Country

1. Disaster in Korea

H. W. BLAKELEY

THE RIVER AND THE GAUNTLET, by S. L. A. Marshall. *Morrow. $5.*

NO SINGLE TAG fully identifies S. L. A. Marshall. On the title page of his latest book he is listed as Consultant, Operations Research Office, Johns Hopkins University; Infantry Operations Analyst, ORO, G3, Eighth Army, Korea; and Chief Historian, European Theater of Operations. But he is also an associate editor of the Detroit *News*, and a frequent contributor to various publications. It is even difficult to give him a military title, because he is a colonel in the United States Army Reserve but a brigadier general in the Michigan National Guard.

In the interval between the First and Second World Wars many newspapers acquired "military experts," who combined a modicum of literacy with a smattering of military experience. Colonel Marshall is not of that breed. He is in fact largely responsible for the development of a new type of research, based not on after-action reports, message files, and staff journals, but on interviews conducted while the stress of battle is still on the participants. The value of this approach to the writing of accurate military history is increased by the fact that the interviews are often not individual but are more in the nature of the cross-examination of a group. Debate is encouraged, and a recruit's interruption, "That ain't the way it was," is listened to as carefully as the efforts of an experienced Regular to state the orders he gave and received. Colonel Marshall likes to quote General Sir Ian Hamilton: "On the day of battle truths stalk naked. Thereafter they put on their little dress uniforms."

Again, as in his notable *Bastogne: The First Eight Days*, Colonel Marshall writes of a brief, bitter struggle in which American troops, surprised and outnumbered, fought with a courage and stamina that are hard to explain when contrasted with the alleged lack of the old-fashioned virtues in our young men. He tells of the defeat of the Eighth Army by the Chinese Communist forces during the last few days of November, 1950 in the Battle of the Chongchon River in Korea. Just a few days before the defeat, Colonel Marshall reminds us, "General MacArthur flew to Korea and gave his message to troops pointing them to the Yalu and to the prospect that the war would be over by Christmas."

For the troops pushing to the Manchurian border, accordingly, the surprise of the Chinese attack was very real. Surprise in the military sense is achieved by speed, concealment, and deception. And yet the Chinese did not use speed but what Marshall calls the "slow creep forward . . . the appearance of confusion and weakness in commitment to screen a well-laid offensive plan . . . the pretense of picking around with a finger to cover the raising of a mailed fist . . . the hiding of armies in motion by marching them only under cover of night and holding them under rooftops during day . . . the staging of little actions to divert attention from the chosen battlefield."

The chosen battlefield was a corridor between the columns of the Eighth Army as it advanced on a wide front. After setting the scene, Colonel Marshall gets down to the fighting level—not only to the battalion, the company, and the squad, but to the individual, be he a major general or a buck private.

THE FIRST company to fight in the Chongchon River battle was Company B, 9th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division. It was a mixed company, thirty per cent Negroes, sixty per cent whites, and ten per cent South Koreans. "As an example of courage, unity of action in the face of terrible odds, and the ability of native Americans to survive calamitous losses and give back hard blows to their enemies," writes Marshall, "there is nothing better in the book, although we look all the way back to Bunker Hill." He is indignant about the "flood of vicious, uninformed criticism of the 2nd Division. . . . by Drew Pearson and others" to the effect that its men were cowardly, had run away from the fight, and disgraced their army. This reviewer pointed out in an article, "Cassandras and Casualties" (*The Reporter*, May 15, 1951), that it didn't make much difference to the morale of a soldier in the Army of the Potomac in 1862 what a Boston newspaper said about the way he was fighting in Virginia, but in these days of airmail, overseas editions, and world-wide radio broadcasts, the soldier fighting overseas is definitely discouraged by unfavorable comment on his organization, weapons, or leaders.

The stories of individual heroism, told without a purple adjective, are memorable and moving. A Negro lieutenant, left in command of a company when his captain was wounded, covered the withdrawal of the last of his men from a hilltop; silhouetted on the skyline, heaving rocks and C-ration cans at Chinese heads not more than twenty-five feet away. A white enlisted man stood beside him, swinging his empty rifle as a club, ready to brain anyone who tried to rush his lieutenant.

A Nisei lieutenant, captured after

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exhausting combat, was covered by Chinese riflemen hiding behind rocks and ordered to yell for the men of his company to assemble around him. Instead, he shouted, "Anone! ['hey' in Japanese], Love Company, don't answer. Love Company, don't come."

COLONEL MARSHALL doesn't preach, but throughout the meticulously detailed account of these small actions is the constant lesson that softness in discipline and training costs lives, material, and even victory when the test of battle comes. Men without helmets or sufficient ammunition because they had sought to lighten their loads, weapons that would not fire because weary men had not bothered to keep them clean and oiled, junior officers who failed to establish liaison with adjacent units or permitted their men to dig in at a poor tactical location because the soil was soft—all these concessions to comfort and perhaps to popularity added up to death and torment when the enemy struck. Such slack spots were not universal, but there were too many of them.

The basic trouble at the Chongchon River was realistically summed up by a corporal: "Our error was that we had too few men, too few automatic weapons, and too much territory."

2. *Fall of the Prussian Eagle*

ROBERT P. KNAPP, Jr.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF, by Walter Goerlitz, translated by Brian Battershaw. *Frederick A. Praeger. $7.50.*

AMERICANS who were penned in the jungles of Bataan, who struggled painfully across fireswept Omaha Beach, or who piloted airplanes through unrelenting fire to Schweinfurt or Ploesti may express disbelief, but it is likely that history will write that the Second World War was decided in the summer of 1941. Not, be it noted, won that summer—America's last prewar summer—but lost, irrecoverably lost.

The area of decision was, according to one's point of view, either in the flatlands of Russia or in the headquarters of Hitler and his High Command in East Prussia. The time no one can say exactly, but it came when the advancing armored might of the Nazi army lost its last opportunity to break through the Russian masses, turn on them, and destroy them.

We do know the date when the German Army recognized the futility of its drive and accepted the fact of its lost opportunity. It was December 6, 1941, the day before Pearl Harbor. On that day the foremost Nazi force had partially encircled Moscow, but it was spent and debilitated, its impetus gone. No other German forces were capable of being thrust forward to protect the flanks of the leading elements. So the order to turn back was given. The advance on Moscow was never resumed.

But months earlier Hitler's Germany had seen victory turn to a mirage as the retreating Soviet armies, mauled and decimated though they were, stayed always beyond the grasp of the Nazis. Climactic though the failure before Moscow was, it was only the logical culmination of a series of strategic blunders that had repeatedly diverted the German Army from its objective.

FOR SOME time we have known what the blunders were, and have known of the planning that produced them. That much is military history. Until the publication of Walter Goerlitz's *History of the German General Staff* there had never been available in English a comprehensive study of the attitudes of thought, emotion, and ideology which make the Nazi military debacle seem the inevitable end of almost 150 years of German history.

What was to become the German General Staff had its beginnings in the Napoleonic Wars. It was a by-product of the French Revolution and the mass levies with which Napoleon opened a new era in warfare. The creation of the General Staff was the substitution of a specialized officer corps for a professional rank and file that no longer was of military utility.

In a century and a half the German General Staff consciously

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and purposefully developed into a body of specialists who disclaimed interest or concern in the policies that they might be called upon to further. Their pretensions to military infallibility and their pose of aloofness from political realities made them the perfect instruments for the achievement of Hitler's vast schemes.

Goerlitz ends his history with the observation that the General Staff had not "played a leading part in unleashing the Second World War." However, the book presents facts with seemingly scrupulous objectivity, and the facts do not support this conclusion. We may readily accept the author's account of the generals' forebodings and warnings to the Fuehrer, but we cannot discount the intellectual climate that they and their predecessors had created and maintained for over a century.

Going back to the end of the First World War, Goerlitz makes it clear that members of the General Staff, notably Hindenburg and Ludendorff, were the originators of the notorious "Stab in the Back" myth that was to become one of Hitler's central theses. This theory that the home front but not the German Army lost the war was given its initial impetus by Hindenburg, who imperiously refused to have any part of the armistice negotiations although it was in fact Ludendorff, Hindenburg's chief of staff, who had frantically called for an armistice in the first place. In holding aloof from the actual armistice negotiations the General Staff was abiding by its tradition of leaving political decisions to the civilian powers. But it was a tradition that had long before been perverted and rendered meaningless in practice.

World Wars Begun: 2; Won: 0

The fundamental task of a military staff is to evaluate the capabilities of the enemy, evaluate the capabilities of its own troops, and then, on the basis of its evaluations, make plans of operations that will ensure the enemy's defeat. In each of these respects the German High Command failed catastrophically in the last two wars. The violation of Belgian neutrality in the First World War was preceded by the most exhaustive preparations. The world

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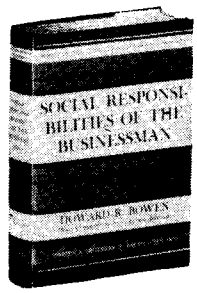

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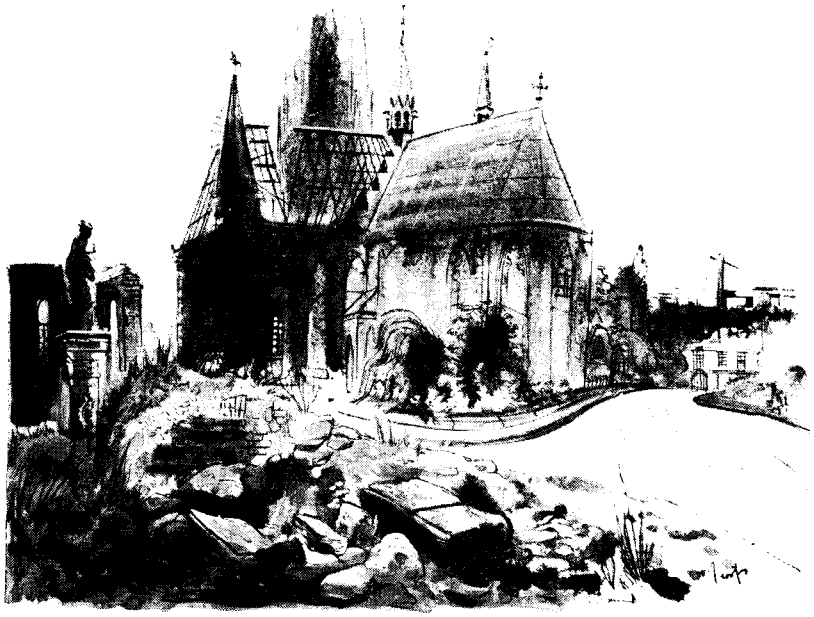

was astounded by the speed of the German Army's advance and its reduction of the supposedly impregnable Belgian fortifications. Provision had been made for every contingency—except the intervention of Great Britain, the blockade, and the consequent lack of raw materials.

From a German standpoint the most distressing aspect of *History of the German General Staff* is the fact that in the Second World War the strategic, political, and economic mistakes of the First were repeated on a grander scale. The war began with the same grandiose expectations of a quick knockout, the same unfounded hopes that Germany's enemies would not unite. Once again Germany was blockaded; once again it lacked both raw materials and industrial potential. The savage attrition of the Western Front was surpassed by the added rigors of climate and partisan warfare in Russia. For the holocaust of Verdun was substituted the cataclysm of Stalingrad.

It is Goerlitz's belief that both wars were undertaken against the counsels of the General Staff. He cites at great length the sentiment of the General Staff and its seemingly constant attitude of hostility toward the Fuehrer. But nowhere does he attempt a logical reconciliation of the obvious incompatability between the Staff's opposition to Nazism on the one hand and its record of executing Hitler's schemes on the other.

As one explanation for the generals' apparently contradictory attitudes toward Hitler, Goerlitz frequently stresses their hope of controlling him by remaining at their posts rather than yielding them to fanatic Nazis. This nebulous hope seems like the most insubstantial rationalization. By 1939 Hitler had to his credit a long string of successes undertaken directly in the face of the General Staff. Its members had come to the point where they felt themselves powerless to oppose him. Some of the highest among them were in fact convinced that he possessed the mystical powers of which he boasted.

These entirely concrete and realistic considerations tempt one to conclude that the General Staff's real failing was opportunism, and that its members' professions of hostility to Hitler were hardly sincere. This conclusion is commendable only for its simplicity. For one thing, it overlooks the circumstance that a great number of the Staff staked and lost their lives in the abortive attempt on Hitler's life in 1944.

It is always easy and convenient to dismiss the actions of a political figure or a political group as pure opportunism. Such a charge overlooks the history of the German General Staff and negates its importance as a human institution. As Walter Millis says in his extremely lucid preface to Goerlitz's history, the plans for German participation in a West European Army make the character and traditions of the German officer class matters of great importance today.

The Generals and the Staff

As a comprehensive and intensive study of 150 years of military thinking there is much in *History of the German General Staff* that will apply to the armed forces of any country. Certainly there is much, too, like the overpowering instinct for self-justification, which seems to derive solely from the historic era and the society in which the Prussian Staff had its origins.

Primarily the book is a history of outstanding General Staff officers, and not of the institution itself. It is marred somewhat by a total absence of documentation, and also, one suspects, by the fact that the English translation is a condensation of the German original. From the standpoint of a reader unacquainted with military organization, the book's most serious shortcoming is the absence of any definitive account of the construction and functioning of the German General Staff. Only such a description would make it possible to understand fully how the organization came to wield such tremendous power.

The general staff system divides all military planning among staff sections by functional considerations having general application to all branches and echelons of the army. With certain variations of form, in all armies this division of functions falls into the categories of personnel, intelligence, operations, and logistics. There is a true *general staff* only in organizations the size of a division or larger. General staff experience is nearly always a requisite for top command positions.

In the United States Army an officer becomes a member of the General Staff Corps ex officio; he is assigned to the general staff of a unit and thereupon is detailed in the GSC. When he ceases to hold a general staff position he ceases to be in the GSC. The German General Staff, on the other hand, was the corps from which officers were picked to fill general staff positions. The detail was

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for life. The General Staff was an institution, not merely a classification. As an institution it came to find ultimate meaning only in its own performance of its own functions.

The General Staff failed in two world wars because it did not realize that though it could limit the ambit of its own thought, it could not abolish what lay beyond that ambit.

Not infrequently the General Staff showed a blithe disregard for the ultimate consequences of its acts as long as the immediate military result was favorable. Because Ludendorff knew that mutiny and military collapse of the Russian Army would follow, in 1917 he sent Lenin through Germany from Switzerland to Russia. How should Ludendorff have known that he might also alter the course of history? It was a military decision, and the military result was decidedly successful—if one does not insist on tracing the effect of Lenin's journey too far.

The failure of the plot against Hitler in 1944 is the ironic climax of *History of the German General Staff*. By taking liberties with the necessary unities of the drama it may be said quite aptly that the book has in it the elements of Greek tragedy. The General Staff grew from birth to maturity. Finally and belatedly it was forced to choose between the artificial standards it had set for itself and the human values it had always suppressed.

For the first time the Staff was faced not with the necessity of acting by itself and alone. The success of its plan depended upon Hitler's death and the subsequent decisive and unified actions of the plotters. When the hour came, the bomb that should have killed Hitler did not,

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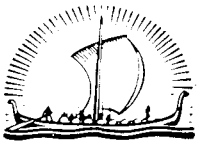

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simply because Hitler decided to look at a map rather than sit beside the briefcase containing the bomb. Though their lives were instantly at stake, the rest of the conspirators could not decide what to do. For the most part they did nothing but counsel frantically among themselves as to the correct course of action.

Ultimately nearly every one of them was executed, some even being garroted before movie cameras for the sadistic pleasure of their intended victim. So the German General Staff ceased to exist as a historic entity. It had realized too late that system and technique are not ends in themselves, that though a soldier must serve his superior to the best of his ability, he must serve himself too.

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3. *Glory in a Drab Season*

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE MILITARY NECESSITY, by Alfred de Vigny, translated by Humphrey Hare. *Grove Press. $3.00.*

IN 1830, five years before Alfred de Vigny wrote the three great stories that form this book, a French king used a French Army that had conquered all Europe to fight Frenchmen in the streets of Paris. Things had come to that: There was no glory left at all. Of course it was not truly Napoleon's army that now was humiliated; but still it was a French Army, with great memories of victory and defeat, and even the young conscripts knew that an army is meant to protect a nation against the enemy, and not a government against people, and above all not to maintain "law and order" wherever "a few laborers, miserably overworked and underpaid, turn on their overseer . . ."

Alfred de Vigny had been brought up to admire soldiers, and he felt sorry for the French soldier of his time. Vigny thought wars were finished with for good: "philosophy has belittled war; negotiation replaced it; scientific invention will end by abolishing it."

It was not that Vigny wanted to make the French soldier happy by getting him killed in improbable wars. Vigny was a poet who wrote verses about God's cruelty to fallen angels; he was a nineteenth-century humanitarian; he did not want war and he would not have been happier had he prophesied 1870, 1914, 1939, and Indo-China, instead of technological unemployment for the French Army. But his pity for the French soldier, stranded and despised in an age of progress, led Vigny to write about soldiers in a manner that is entirely timeless and unrelated to nationality.

What Vigny did was take the abstract words "abnegation," "duty," "selflessness," and "honor," and show how the true soldier—not every soldier—can give them a body, his body, not because of war but in spite of war. War tests virtue and does not create it. "Glory" and "grandeur"—two more of Vigny's big words—must be separated from the conquerors: "The dazzling Grandeur of the conquerors is quenched, perhaps forever," he wrote.

The true soldier engaged in war loathes war, yet does his duty; out of military necessity kills, yet hates to kill; obeys, because he is in this "childish world" which plays with armies, those monstrous toys, yet suffers in conscience. It is to the true soldier that the big words apply without quotes.

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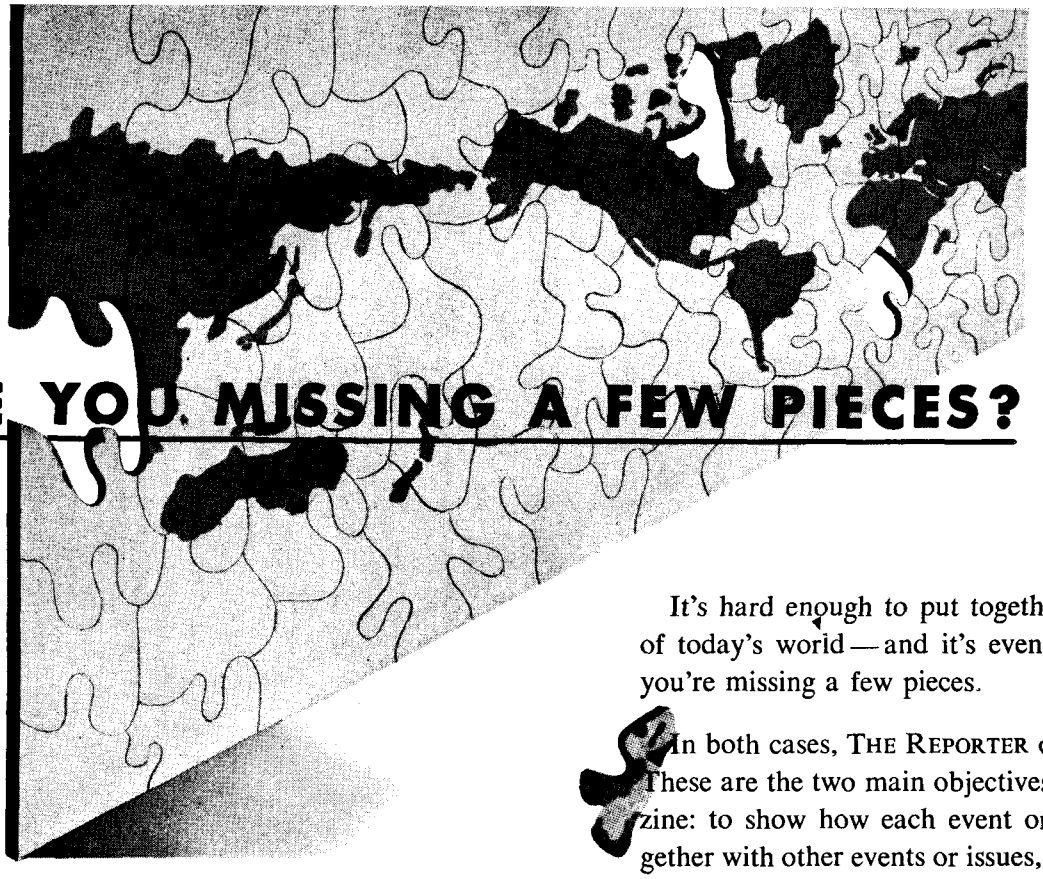

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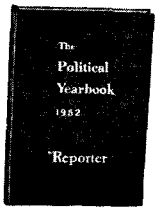

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